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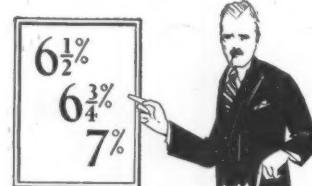
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BOB AND BOBBED

In this issue . . . Stories by J. W. Schultz, MacGregor Jenkins, W. Leavitt Stoddard, Margaret Warde and C. A. Stephens . . . Walter Camp, Chapter I, by Harford Powel, Jr.

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MISCELLANY

THE TIRED CHILD

It is hardly possible nowadays to take up a paper or a magazine without being reminded that we live in a restless, undisciplined and driven age. If that is so, we cannot hope that the children will escape; indeed, they must be the first and the chief sufferers. But once the danger is recognized, much can be done by parents and guardians of the young to offset it. To begin with, fatigue and lack of proper discipline are sure to go together. The spoilt child is always a restless, fidgety child. He is growing up without that training in quiet, in self-control, in coordination which he will need so much in later life.

But physicians have to look at this question from the physical point of view first, though they remember that there is another side, which we call the psychic. There are certain signs which infallibly indicate the over-tired child. In the first place such a child is almost certain to be "skinny," however ample is the home table and however much he seems to eat. Secondly, the fatigued child is almost certain to "slump," to sit in bad postures, to stoop and slouch when he walks, and to fall back into these faults quickly no matter how sharply he is admonished to "sit straight" or to "stand up." He falls back because he cannot help it; he is tired. Thirdly, this child is pretty surely peevish, sulky, grouchy—just as you would be yourself if you felt as he does. He needs a rest cure, just as you would under the same circumstances.

Sometimes this rest cure should be very complete, but in most cases, when taken in time, a sort of modified rest cure will do the work. This means shorter hours of school work, a cutting down of hard and strenuous play, and, above all, longer hours in bed, because it is while the child is off his feet that the cure goes on quickest. It is not necessary to say that the additional hours in bed should not present themselves to the patient as punishment; rather they should be regarded as a special privilege. That is, breakfast in bed or lying down during the day with a few toys or picture books is understood to be distinctly approved of. The first sign of improvement will be a gain in weight, accompanied by a serenity which has long been missed; but the return to the complete normal will be slow.

RIDING A GRIZZLY

It would be hard to imagine a more daring prank than the following, in which two Montana cowboys once participated. Jim McNaney, my buffalo hunter, writes Dr. William T. Hornaday, told it to me soon after it occurred, and I carefully wrote down the details.

In the days before 1900, when silver-tip grizzlies wandered up and down through the breaks and bad-lands bordering the Missouri and the Yellowstone rivers, they often strolled out upon the open cattle-range country. In 1888 Jim and his bunkie, Hank Kusker, were working for the N-Bar-N Cattle Company, at the mouth of Prairie Elk Creek. In the late autumn Jim and Hank were sent out to the Missouri-Yellowstone divide, "moonshining" horses—which means rounding them up and gradually driving them down to the home ranch. Their pack horse was a wise old cow horse named Judge.

The two cowboys came unexpectedly upon an old female grizzly bear, two big cubs nearly two years old and one small cub. The men had available on their horses neither a rifle nor a revolver nor a hunting knife, only a small ivory-handled penknife.

"Let's rope 'em!" cried Hank.
"Go to it!" cried Jim.

As the four bears started to run the cowboys galloped hard after them. The small cub fell behind and began to cry for help. Its mother wheeled and charged. Hank fled, and the bear tore after him. When his hat fell off the old lady ripped it to shreds; then she quickly rounded up her small cub and fled with it down Shade Creek. They saw her no more.

Hank and Jim quickly roped the two big cubs. Hank snubbed his cub so hard that he almost broke its neck. He got off his horse and left the disabled bear dragging at the end of the rope as his scared horse steadily backed away from it. Jim first roped his bear round one of its hind legs, but the animal sat down and with its front paws skillfully threw off the noose. Jim promptly tossed again, and that time caught the bear round

the neck. Thereupon the grizzly became furious and rolled over backwards with all four feet in the air, "clawing and bawling, and almost a-bustin' with rage."

Then up came Hank on foot recklessly and said: "I've rode most every kind of animal but a grizzly bear, and I'm a-goin' to ride this one or bust!"

"Well, then pile on to him!" said Jim.

While Jim's horse dragged on the bear Hank slipped up behind him, jumped astraddle and drove his spurs into him. The bear roared and, reaching up first one hind foot and then the other, "tore off Hank's pants, and drawers and nearly tore his legs open into the bargain." How Hank did pile off that bear! As he fled the bear tried to chase him, and only Jim's rope prevented a capture.

"Hank got on his horse," said Jim, "and roped the bear around the hind legs, and we stretched him out between two horses and choked him to death. By that time the other bear was dead."

With great difficulty they skinned the two bears with Jim's penknife; then, blindfolding old Judge, they put the skins upon him and turned him loose with their bunch of seventy horses. The horses took fright at the smell of the fresh bear skins and fled in a panic over the fifteen miles down to the ranch. The men at the ranch saw the chase coming; they opened the gate of the corral, and in rushed the seventy horses. A moment later old Judge with his pack and the disheveled bear hides wearily loped in, whereupon the whole herd wildly leaped or fell over the fences and fled.

THE PASSING OF CHARLOTTE

CARLOTTA was a pig, the property of Mrs. Anne Bosworth Greene, who farms for profit but loves animals. Charlotte was a side issue—the farm was a pony farm; still, she was not maintained as a pet or an ornament.

"We concluded it was high time to let her go," records Mrs. Greene, "Charlotte's chins being now fathomless. She seems, indeed, to touch the ground in every direction. I haven't an idea how much she will weigh, but I'm sure it is more than the desired two hundred."

Firmly, though reluctantly, and in the face of many difficulties,—for Charlotte's weight proved to be nearer four hundred than the more conveniently marketable two,—a sale was negotiated and transportation arranged for. The day—the fatal day—arrived; the tragic moment approached. But Charlotte had not yet had her morning meal.

"I flew for Charlotte's pail. A cold breakfast, but she wouldn't mind; salad and cake and anything she might think was lovely. Frantically I stirred, slopping on the clean kitchen floor, then ran out and poured it almost on her anticipating ears. It is lovely to see Charlotte eat; she eats so thoroughly that the new two-inch planks of her trough already have hairy gouges here and there; but this morning her breakfast was so charming that she ricochetted distractedly from one end of it to the other, though not half as distractedly as I felt. I felt like saying, 'Hurry, Charlotte, hurry—they'll be here!' Chaperoning with my eyes every jaw-motion, every gulp. A tomato here, cornmeal soup, a hunk of cake—gook-gook-gook! All done!

"The boy with the wagon arrived. Charlotte was grunting at me; grunts that sounded as if she could eat more of that kind of breakfast. Snatching a basket, I flew to the pear tree that strews the ground with un-eatable wooden-centered pears and scooped up a peck or so. 'There, Charlotte!' I gasped, racing in; they dropped like blocks of wood, but Charlotte's ears nearly fell off with eagerness as she bounced from one rolling yellow prize to another. Pears; mm-mm-mmm! Leaning in, I just touched the stiff hair on her bobbing head. On the hill was the whine of the car.

"Up a slanting runway of boards, lured by a handful of apples, Charlotte lumbered without a squeal of protest into the slatted wagon; springs hitting under her weight, it rolled away. A glimpse of little white-eyelashed eyes, calmly winking, of immense white-haired, boarlike jaws still busy, an inch of placidly curled tail. Charlotte was gone. Gone forever.

"Walking slowly along the path, I was astonished to find that my teeth were set-hard."

(*Miscellany continued on page 687*)



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Chapter I

THE BATTLE AT THE PUEBLO OF THE BEAR

"YES, Blackfoot-White-Man, it was as you have heard; I was born a Navaho, and but for the thrust of a Tewa lance I should have remained a Navaho; that lance thrust made me a Tewa Indian—I hope a good one."

Thus the old summer cacique answered me as with Thin Cloud for interpreter we sat in the south kiva of San Ildefonso Pueblo one day last spring. Artists of my acquaintance in Santa Fe had introduced me to him, telling him that I was a white man with the heart of a Blackfoot Indian,—as I was brought up among the Blackfeet,—and he had welcomed me in his pueblo, given me quarters in one of his own clean, whitewashed rooms and, rare privilege, granted me the freedom of the sacred kiva—a semi-subterranean room some forty feet in diameter—in which for countless years the caciques, shamans, delight-makers and clan chiefs of the Tewa Indians had offered up their prayers to Those Above.

During the two months of my residence in the pueblo he took me almost daily down into the kiva and in its still coolness modestly related the story of his life. For that and for many other favors I am deeply grateful to him.

And now, as nearly in his own words as Thin Cloud could translate them, I give you the old man's story. May you have as much pleasure in reading it as I had in hearing it.

We were a Navaho family of four,—thus Wampin, the old cacique, continued,—my father, my mother, my brother and myself. My brother, Lone Rock, was three years younger than I and sickly and weak. In small bands the Navahos wandered about over the desert and in the mountains, the men hunting food animals, the women and children gathering such edible roots and nuts and berries as were to be found. My father was the leader, the chief, of the band of about twenty families with which we traveled and camped.

To my father the hunting of food animals was hard and tiresome work. Whenever he could procure enough meat to last our little family for several moons he would lead men of our band and other bands upon raids against enemy peoples; that gave him great excitement and pleasure. Generally he led his warriors against settlements of the

A Son of the Navahos

By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

Illustrated by RODNEY THOMSON



Then my father said loud enough for all to hear: "Old men, and you women and children, conceal yourselves here"

Spanish far to the south and returned with fine horses, saddles, clothing, guns, lances and knives that he took from them. But sometimes, more for what he called exciting happiness than for anything that he could gain, he led his men against the peace-loving, corn-raising pueblo peoples of this Rio Grande and other valleys. For that my mother always scolded him.

In my tenth summer my father—in spite of the tears of my mother—set out to visit the chiefs of other bands of the Navahos to plan a raid upon one of the Tewa pueblos. It was decided that a watch should be set over the pueblo, and that when the people were seen to be ready to begin harvesting their corn my father should call the warriors to join him.

Now this pueblo that my father was to attack was the Tewa pueblo Walatoa,—pueblo of the Bear,—sometimes called Pueblo-that-you-go-down-into, because it lies close at the foot of a steep range of mountains between it and the other Tewa pueblos to the east. The Spaniards named it Jemez Pueblo.

I TURN now to the people of Walatoa. Their war chief found out about the Navaho scouts, who were not as careful as they should have been. He sent messengers to the war chiefs of the other Tewa pueblos, Nambe, Tesuque, San Juan, Santa Clara and Pojoaque, who one and all promised him that as the time came near for the corn to ripen they would hold their warriors in readiness and hurry to aid him fight the Navahos whenever he should send for them. He thereupon sent his own scouts out into the desert to watch the Navaho bands.

Presently one of my father's scouts came

with ears of Tewa corn that were well formed. He at once sent messengers to the chiefs of the other bands of the tribe to inform them that with their warriors they should join him at Three Springs, on the Rio Puerco, a short day's journey west of Walatoa Pueblo. We moved over there. One by one other bands joined us, and within a few days we were a multitude of people. Scouts brought in more Tewa corn. The ears were ripe and hardening, and my father ordered the start for the great attack to be made at sundown.

We rode on and on through the night, and near morning my father brought us all to a halt in a deep valley putting out from the mountains. Leaving our horses and camp outfit there, we all went afoot along the steep mountain side and just before daybreak came to a stand close above the Tewa pueblo. Then my father said loud enough for all to hear: "Old men, and you women and children, conceal yourselves here in the brush. Keep still and watch us men destroy those Tewa corn raisers. Now then we go!"

It was still night, and we soon lost sight of the warriors. The women and children began to scatter out to hiding places in the brush. Our mother led Lone Rock and me eastward along the mountain side, looking for a good place of concealment, and after long search brought us to a stand close under a low cliff.

She had us sit down on either side of her in the low, thick brush, and then she began to pray for the safety of our father.

The first faint white light of day came and grew stronger; the sky turned red, and we could plainly see the Tewa pueblo close under us. Upon the roof of a house at the east end stood three men. No others were in sight, and our mother said that it was strange that none of the women were coming out to the spring for water.

We looked at the great green cornfields and wondered in which of them our father was concealed. Sun appeared, rose higher and higher above the world rim, and still of all the people of the pueblo only the three men on the housetop were to be seen. Our mother became so anxious that she could not sit still. "Your father is in great danger! I am sure of it!" she said to us again and again.

And then as sudden as a burst of thunder came a change in that peaceful scene below. Facing the east, the three men on the housetop were shouting and waving high their blankets, and in answer to their signals a multitude of shouting warriors sprang from an arroyo to the east of the cornfields and charged into them, while from the pueblo came hundreds and hundreds of other warriors and charged into the west side of the corn. Instead of the three hundred men of Walatoa that my father expected to fight, he was besieged by all the warriors of the seven Tewa pueblos. There were terrible shootings of guns and shrieks of the dying down there in the green fields, and everywhere we saw men fighting one another. And then out from the fields, fleeing in all directions, went my father's warriors with the Tewas close at their heels and striking them down. They began to swarm up the mountain side, and we sprang to our feet. "What shall I do, oh, what shall I do with my sick, weak boy?" my mother cried.

Spying a hole in the bottom of the cliff, she ran to it, calling us to follow. It was a narrow, low little cave not very deep, but at the back of it was a heap of twigs, leaves and grass, the year-after-year gatherings of a family of wood rats. She hastily drew out a great armful of the rubbish and made my brother and me lie down in the hole; then, covering

us with the material that she had drawn out she said that she would run and hide somewhere above, and that we must lie perfectly still until she came for us. Lone Rock cried out to her to hide there with us.

"I can't! There isn't room for me!" she sobbed, and with a last caution to us to lie still she was gone.

THE dust there blinded and choked us. Lone Rock whimpered, and I cautioned him to be still. We could hear the fight still going on below—shouting, yells of pain and the glad singing of the Tewa warriors. Then soon we heard near by the skuff, skuff, skuff of moccasin feet upon the rocks, and Tewa men came and stood close in front of us and talked loudly and excitedly as if in disagreement. Suddenly one of them plunged his lance into the rat gatherings that covered us. Its sharp point cut into my shoulder, and I, who was yet a little fellow, gave a yell of pain and fear. Instantly our covering was torn from us, and we were seized by two black-painted, eagle-plumed Tewa warriors and brought up standing upon our feet in the midst of five of them. I saw a war club raised to brain my brother, and I jumped and seized and hung on to the man's arm and bit into it. "He is sick, weak! Don't you dare hurt my brother!" I cried. As if they could understand!

My words meant nothing to that Tewa, but my bite caused him to wince. He did not strike my brother; instead he seized me by the throat, held me off and raised his club to brain me. Then suddenly he grinned and lowered the weapon, saying to his companions, as I afterward learned: "The little rat is eager to protect the weak one. I am minded to let him live; the other, too."

"No! No! Let's kill them both!" cried a man behind him.

Just then a fresh fight broke out above us. Four of the Tewas ran to join it, and we were alone with our captor, who had released my throat and now held me firmly by an arm.

In the distance I heard our mother cry out, "Oh, my poor boys! I leave—" And then no more. I knew that she was killed. I tried to seize the knife in my captor's belt and stab him; he only laughed and held me with firmer grip.

The Tewa stooped and lifted my brother and, carrying him and leading me by the arm, started down the mountain. I did not resist. That cry of my mother was ringing in my ears. She was dead! I did not care what happened to me. I thought that our captor would take my brother and me to the pueblo and there kill us before its crowd of people.

We were soon at the foot of the mountain. There was a great crowd of women and children outside the entrance to the pueblo; they stared at us, some of the children pointing and shouting to us, calling us bad names of course. Our captor spoke to one of the women, and she followed us into the plaza of the pueblo and across it into a white-walled room.

The man and the woman talked together; their language sounded very strange in my ears. Then the man went out, and the woman came to comfort Lone Rock, who was lamenting, "Mother! Oh, my mother!" It came to me that she would not do that to him if he were being held to be killed a little later before the whole gathering of the Tewas. Well, if I were spared I would escape with my brother at the first opportunity and live for but one thing, to become a powerful leader of warriors and avenge my mother's death.

ALL day long many Tewas kept coming to the room where Lone Rock and I were held, and most of them stared at us with hatred, pointed to us as they talked loudly to our captor and the kind one who had comforted Lone Rock and who by many little signs we saw was our captor's woman. Night came, and outside there was dancing and singing. The kind one led us into an inner room and had us lie on a couch of tanned skins and blankets; there she left us. We mourned for our father and mother. We talked about attempting to escape as soon as the Tewas slept, and then our eyes closed, and we slept until the kind woman woke us. Day had come. Gone was our chance to escape.

That day our captor and his woman

September 23, 1926

traveled with their people over the mountain to Pojuoge (Where-the-river-comes-out) Pueblo—this very pueblo, which the Spaniards call San Ildefonso. As we passed through the narrow barricaded entrance here I said to Lone Rock that we would go out of it forever within a few days. That was seventy summers ago, and here I am still in Pojuoge. Lone Rock, my brother, is near by; he lies under the sands out there near the river edge. Later on I shall tell you of his terrible end.

When we had passed through the then single opening in the walls of the pueblo we came into a square plaza, on each side of which was a row of one-story and two-story houses. We went through a narrow passage in the south row and, coming into another plaza with its four rows of houses, halted at the foot of a ladder leaning against the wall of a house in the north row. Our captor motioned to Lone Rock and me to follow his woman up the ladder, and she led us across the roof of the house and into a two-story house at the back of it. The room where we were was the center one of three that formed the upper story of the house. The east room seemed to be full of corn; the west one, as much as I could see of it through the passageway in the wall, contained robes and blanket couches, and its walls were hung with beautiful garments, shields, head-dresses, skins of the fox and other animals.

The next day our captor gave me to understand that I was to go with him out to his cornfield. It was one of the many large fields east of the pueblo, and besides corn he raised plenty of squash, beans, melons and wheat. We began stripping the ears of corn from the stalks and putting them in piles, and at noon we went back to the pueblo with all the ears that we could carry in our blankets.

DAY after day the man and I worked steadily, harvesting the large crop of grain and things that he had raised, and when the field was bare we took pack horses and brought in loads of wood for use during the cold months of winter. So passed three moons, and at the end of that time I had found no way by which my brother and I could escape from the pueblo and return to our people. And then came the snow, covering the mountains, —snow in which we could surely be trailed,—and I knew that we could not hope to get away until summer should come again.

IT was during the second semester of K. Blake's freshman year that the Harding alumnae made their historic drive for the college endowment fund. They were trying for four million dollars. Some of their husbands and fathers and brothers thought that the reason they were so blithe about it was that, being women and so unused to dealing with vast sums of money, they did not realize the magnitude of their undertaking. But the blithest of them all—and the surest that they would get what they were out for—was a little lady in '9-, whose husband helped to run Wall Street.

"I don't understand anything about business," she confessed smilishly to her alumnae auditors, gathered to learn how they should embark on their great quest, "but my husband knows all about stocks and bonds and capital, and he says Harding College is *worth* four millions—four more than it has, I mean. So of course it is, and we're going to sell it for that to the public—ourselves included."

Whereat the most sceptical husbands and fathers and brothers took off their hats to the little lady in '9-; to be able to announce a fair-price guaranty from her husband would make almost anybody sanguine about even a four-million-dollar deal.

The undergraduates were even blither about the drive than the alumnae. To begin with, they were young and therefore gay with the careless gaiety of youth; and secondly, the responsibility of the drive was not theirs and not much money was expected of them. Their quota was only fifty thousand dollars, and Priscilla Hicks, of Hicksville, Montana,—where Papa Hicks dealt in oil wells and sheep ranches,—had confided to the undergraduate Fund chairman, who happened to be the object of Priscilla's adoring admiration, that she needn't worry, not for a minute, because Papa Hicks would put the girls over the top. He didn't want a building named after him either, Priscilla added tactfully; he wasn't that kind of a fool, if he had left school after the fourth grade.

From the day of our arrival in the pueblo, my brother had grown stronger and heavier and at last was wholly cured of the sickness that he had suffered from the time of his birth. And now in the fourth moon of our captivity, when I told him that we must remain where we were as long as the mountains were covered with snow, his reply so surprised me that for a time I was speechless.

"Brother," said he, "I do not want to escape."

"What? Do you not want to return to our people?" I at last managed to ask.

"No! I want to remain here."

"Why?"

"Because I love this woman, she who loves me and is a second mother to me.

even my thoughts. I had of course noticed the big round kiva in our plaza—that is, the south plaza—and had frequently seen men ascending its steps and then descending the ladder that projected from the square

heat in our room was so great that I took up my blanket and went out upon the roof in front to cool off. Standing there and looking down into the plaza, I saw by the dim glow of firelight in the entrance to the kiva that

Because I love this man, this Tewa man, who is so kind and good to us."

It was true they were good to us, but I thought that with the coming of spring my brother would be glad enough to go back to our great country in the west.

But now something occurred that changed

aperture in its roof, and I realized that they were the leading men of the pueblo going down into it to counsel together and to pray to their gods. Never yet had I been near it.

One evening shortly after my brother had told me that he did not want to escape, the

it was occupied, and presently faintly heard the men down in it singing. A wonderful song it was; the little that I could hear of it made me tremble and hold my breath. The night was very dark; there were no children about to bother me. I descended our ladder, stole across the plaza and cautiously looked into the kiva through the small air hole in the west wall. I saw a number of men sitting upon the circular bench jutting out from the wall, and I fastened my gaze upon the wall paintings of the Plumed Serpent and Those Above. Before the hearth of the sacred fire an old man was praying; he ended his prayer and began again the song that I had so faintly heard. The other men joined in, one of them softly beating a drum in time with it. Again I trembled; within me I felt the desire to do great things. This was a song with words, a song prayer to the gods of the Tewas, gods of their fathers—gods far more powerful than the gods of my people, the Navahos.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Left or Right?

By MARGARET WARDE

Illustrated by HARRIET O'BRIEN

The undergraduate chairman informed Priscilla very kindly, and the rest of the college very emphatically, that, since the Fund committee had finally voted to include a swimming pool among the officially listed Fund objectives, it was certainly up to the undergraduates to take care of their own—very small—quota themselves. Having popularized this point of view around the college, not forgetting, meanwhile, to give Priscilla due credit for her kind thought, the undergraduate chairman wrote to the lady whose husband owned a slice of Wall Street,

suggesting that she go out to Hicksville, Montana, and secure a gift worthy of the donor and of Harding. All of which the lady from Wall Street quickly and efficiently accomplished.

Meanwhile the undergraduate chairman specialized on thousand-dollar contributions from the girls who could afford them, and on publicity stunts from the rest of the college; for the alumnae, or at least some of them, wanted to get Harding into the newspapers. They called it "putting education for women on the map of philanthropic consciousness," and they had carefully explained to the undergraduate chairman that here was where her help in the drive would be invaluable. For alumnae news is not, at best, college news; only the undergraduates could furnish that, and to be published widely it must be "peppy."

For a few moments the chairman's smooth brow wrinkled anxiously over the alumnae's strange request. Then she called an emergency meeting of the Harding Press Board, and then the fun began! Jo Kent was the first Press Board reporter to get to work. She bought three kinds of shoe polish, stuck

a sign up on all available bulletin boards, and sent a neat little item about her newest academic activity to the two papers which she supplied with Harding news. "Shining Shoes for Her College" got "two sticks" in each of them.

Polly Cass saw Jo's item on the Press Board's daily bulletin and shamelessly copied Jo's method, with improvements. Having heard from a friend of hers in the town that there was a serious shortage of domestic helpers, she got the freshman president to organize a First-class Catering Corps, which would cook and serve four different dinners, wash the dishes, and even arrange flowers, do last-minute errands, or fill out at bridge, as ordered, all for the Fund. Polly's article got a front page spread in the New York Record, and the next day the New York Record sent its star feature writer up to get a big story, and the Associated Syndicate (whose president had a Harding wife) heard about the Record man and sent up its star and a photographer.

K. Blake was fascinated by the drive. She was freshman member of the undergraduates' committee, and, as usual when she was on committees, she found herself understanding the chairman. This meant that she was forever being buttonholed by prominent alumnae who wanted the girls to work harder for the drive, complained to by conservative faculty members who thought shoe-shine shops and catering corps most undignified and advocated higher salaries but frowned on swimming pools, and besieged by every freshman who had a dollar or an idea for the Fund. K., who had decided that twenty dollars was the utmost she could pledge, was glad to help as much as possible

in other ways. She was "fagging" for Press Board that year, and when Polly and Jo created such a furore with their articles she set her teeth and resolved that she too, if she was only a freshman fag, would get a story into the "big-time" dailies. And it was K. who wrote the never-to-be-forgotten tale of the night-lunch-cart man who, offering to give ten per cent of his week's sales to the Fund, was challenged by a plumber who called the ten per cent small pickin's and contributed two hundred dollars to Harding because, he said, education was like plumbing—it couldn't be too good. To which the lunch-cart man retorted neatly that he was a bachelor, but the plumber had six girls.

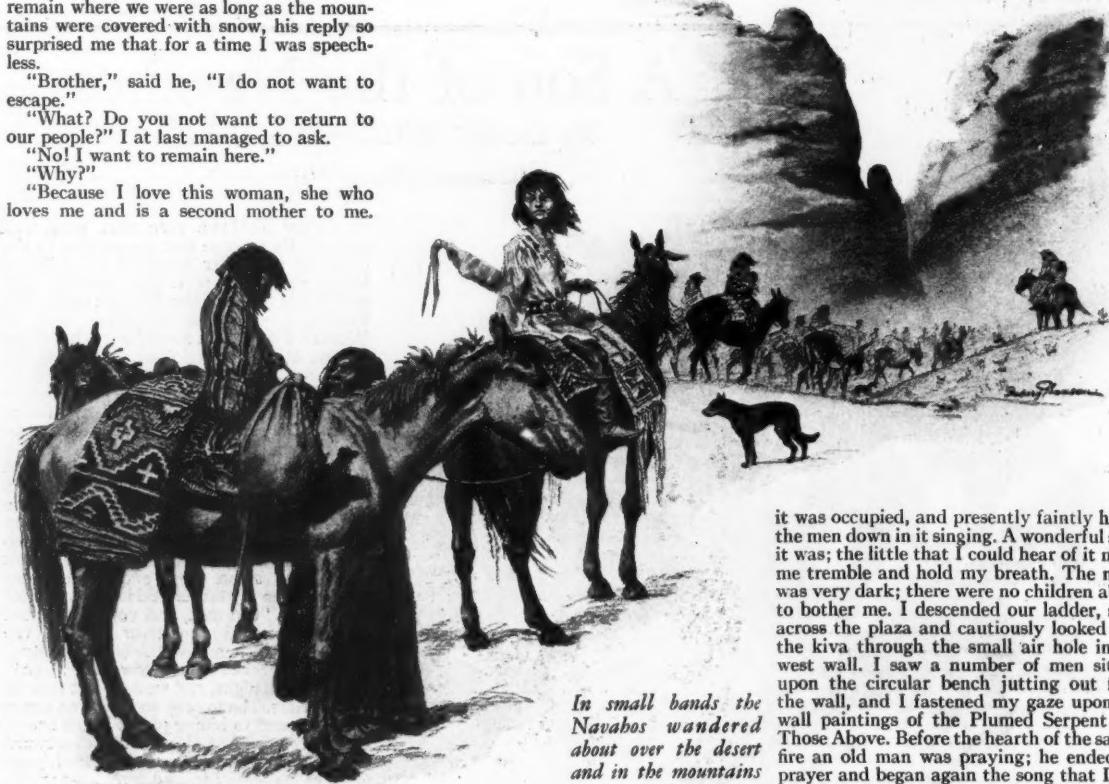
Before K. could write this story, she had to get the lunch-cart man thrilled to the point of the ten-per-cent offering and the plumber, who had already given his pledge, willing to be the butt of the joke. And then, when the Syndicate had bought her story and the Press Board reporters had given their "fag" a congratulatory chicken-and-waffle dinner, an elderly alumna descended upon poor K. with an indignant arraignment of cheap and damaging publicity, and the enraged plumber telephoned that the Plumbers' Weekly Plunder had printed the joke with his name fastened to it, and he was plumb disgusted with K. and the drive and girls' colleges.

K. pacified both her critics, and then, experiencing a queer "gone" sensation that made her feel crumpled and helpless and very unhappy, she wisely consulted the college doctor, who promptly informed her that she was tired out and prescribed a few days' rest in the college infirmary.

"It's this pesky drive," grumbled the doctor. "Don't you talk of it or think of it while you're up there."

"I won't," promised K. meekly. "How do I get in?"

The doctor smiled away the small freshman's fearful anticipations. "I'd walk," she said. "A short walk won't hurt you. It's on Fairy Lane, you know—you don't know? Well, you can't miss it. Second on the right



In small bands the Navahos wandered about over the desert and in the mountains

from Main. Go up there, sleep around the clock, and then I'll be up to see what more you need."

BECAUSE K. was never sick, she had a healthy, unreasoning horror of all the paraphernalia of illness. Putting up a brave front, she went home, packed a minimum of necessities into an overnight bag, tucked an anthology of modern poetry as a talisman against unknown evils under her arm, and started off to obey the doctor's orders. Fairy Lane, she knew, turned off Main Street not far beyond the campus; she had noticed the odd name on a signpost. Stupid of the college to use a nice street like that for a hospital! Grinning to keep up her courage, K. tramped up Main, turned down the lane of the fairies, and marched boldly up to the second house on the left. It was a big house, of course. K. glanced approvingly at the rhododendrons banked along the front, their green a touch of vivid color against the snow. Did one ring at an infirmary or walk in, she wondered. It seemed, on the whole, safer to ring, so, gently and timidly, she pushed a button. Nobody came. Ringing wasn't done, evidently; jauntily K. pushed open the big door and walked in, her brave smile ready for the head nurse or the housekeeper or whoever might be on hand to receive her. There was nobody in the hall, which was big and square, with a great double staircase facing K., a grand piano under the curve of the stairs, and a great bowl of pansies on the piano. The minute K. saw the pansies all her qualms about the infirmary vanished, and, feeling better already, she dropped her bag and her book in a chair and made a quick little dash forward to bury her face among the pansies.

The hall had been very still before, so still that in the moment before she discovered the pansies K. had wondered if she was to be the infirmary's only patient. But, as if in instant response to her eager movement, there were now sounds of clattering activity down the corridor. Searching for their source, K. discovered that beyond the piano the hall became a long sun-room, delightfully furnished in wicker, with boxes of ferns and pots of gay spring bulbs mocking at the snowy hills and frozen river outside the long windows. Wistfully K. stared, waiting for the nurse, who must have heard her hurried rush to the pansies, and who would speedily wrest her away from the cushioned wicker, the daffodils, and the river view, to a hospital bed in a bare little room upstairs. But there wasn't any nurse, or any matron, or anyone else—except a monkey. It was he who had heard K. and, whether in fear, or in welcome, or just to show off his accomplishments, was jumping noisily about his roomy pen, which stood at one end of the sun porch. K. loved pansies, but she adored monkeys. With a rapturous "O—oh!" she made for this one, walking slowly and softly this time, not to frighten him.

K. had chosen her chair, drawn it as near the monkey as she dared, and curled up comfortably in it, feeling that she was indeed on Fairy Lane, when the expected happened: somebody came—but unexpectedly it was a man. He must be a town doctor, K. decided, here to see a patient. Watching him come running down the stairs, K. thought him a very pleasant-looking doctor. He was tall and alert, with fine eyes, a mouth that, set in stern lines just now, looked somehow as if it would smile very easily. In his hand fluttered a bit of yellow paper—a telegram. At the foot of the stairs he paused and, quite ignoring K., followed her example by slumping into the nearest easy-chair. Then he read what was written on the yellow slip, and as he read his mouth grew sterner and tighter, and then his whole face quivered and broke, and he covered it for a moment with his hand. And then, very suddenly, gay and alert once more, he sprang up and made straight for K. and the monkey.

"Well, Jacko," he said, "you're here and I'm here—"

His eyes fell on K., looking very small and wan in her big chair, and a bit frightened over the impending medical interview—for by this time she saw that this doctor was too much at home in the infirmary not to belong to it. No reason at all, when you came to think, why a man should not direct it.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I didn't know—no one told me—"

K. SMILED ingratiatingly to lead up to her wish to stay downstairs and play with the monkey. "Nobody could," she explained. "Because nobody's seen me. The bell didn't seem to ring, so I walked in. Was that right? And the pansies and the monkey made me so happy that I feel much better

already, and—oh, could I stay here for a while and watch the monkey? I do love monkeys, and I've never seen one except in a zoo or with an organ-grinder."

The man laughed. "Neither had I until my little girl made me a Christmas present of Jacko. We were Christmas-shopping down in New York one winter years ago, and she saw him and bought him. She brought him back to our hotel in a taxi and rushed in with him in her arms, wanting the room clerk to pay for the taxi, because she had spent all her money for my monkey."

"Oh, what a lovely thing to do!" sighed K. "I know I could make friends with Jacko—

K. nodded. "But I promised not to think drive or talk drive while I'm here."

"You did!" K. failed to see anything funny in her answer, and she certainly expected to have it believed. But the doctor-man's "You did!" sounded very sceptical, and his chuckle seemed to celebrate a wonderfully good joke.

Just then two maids, very smart in their black and white uniforms, brought tea. The doctor-man directed the placing of a small table close to K's chair, and poured the tea himself from another table. It was tea *à la mode*, with delicious little hot biscuits baked with honey in their centers, anchovy sand-

undergraduates improve in their four years here. You must know what the college does for them a whole lot better than I."

"U-um!" He was scornful again. "Yes, I know several Harding women pretty well—most of them town girls. Ever meet Joan Lawson?"

K. considered. "Joan—Lawson. Is she the one they always call Pet Lawson—graduated last year? I've met her."

Her host nodded. "What do you think of her?"

K. eyed him demurely. "If she's a special friend of yours, I'll just say she's about the prettiest thing I ever saw."

"Go on," he ordered gruffly.

"Well, if you really want brass tacks about her," K. went on, "she's—oh, just very light-weight."

"Harding College didn't do anything very splendid for her, did it?"

"Don't you blame Pet Lawson on Harding," blazed K. "Harding can't do everything. Pet's a spoiled darling. If you know her well, of course you know her father too. According to what I've been told, he's the one to blame for Pet's being light-weight. He's the one that's always given her what she wanted before she asked for it."

"Maybe you don't know," cut in the doctor-man pettishly, "that Joan's mother died when she was a baby. Any father would spoil a motherless girl—who's as pretty as Pet."

K. considered the situation. "Yes, I suppose so. Anyhow, I don't think that excuses Pet for letting herself be spoiled. You don't need to be spoiled, even if your family wants to spoil you. Of course her father may be a domineering person; and if he wanted to spoil her, it would be easiest just to let him. But Pet could have stood up to him. She's domineering herself!"

The man chuckled. "Stepped on you, has she? Let me give you another cup of tea."

K. shook her head. "I really don't think I should drink any more. No, she hasn't stepped on me, as you call it. But—she comes to Porter, where I room, quite a lot to see Miss Casson, our house teacher. Miss Casson's rooms are next to mine, and Pet stops in sometimes to leave messages or find out if I know when Miss Casson will be back. Lately I've been busy with the dr—bus—," corrected K. hastily, "and I haven't seen her much."

"But on the whole you don't think Joan measures up to the average alumna?"

K. wriggled unhappily. "I'm sure Pet is a friend of yours," she sighed, "or her father is anyhow, and I do hate to keep criticizing them. But she certainly isn't average. She's just out for a good time—with a man in it. It's a man that brings her to Porter; Mr. Hart is collaborating with Miss Casson on a textbook. He's the one Pet Lawson likes, and I don't blame her. He's a peach."

"Really?" sniffed the doctor-man. "I'm gratified to know that. In the town we had rather supposed Pet's sudden devotion to her college was due to her interest in this Fund that you came up here—not to talk about."

K. shrugged. "Oh, she's interested in a way. She likes meeting important alumnae on committees, and talking things over with the faculty, specially if Mr. Hart is around, and being asked to interview some of the possible big givers. She's specially liked it since she got her father to pledge fifty thousand dollars—because that made her seem important and influential—not just a Harding town girl who was asked to do things because she was right here on the spot. Pet wasn't an honors girl, you know, or specially prominent in any line—just popular because she was rich and pretty and dear."

"See here, Miss—"

"Blake—K. Blake."

"When you've finished your four wonderful years and want a job, as I suppose you will quite regardless of your financial status, judging by Joan and her friends, you come to me, and I'll put you into the personnel department of my factory. You know people. Joan is—my daughter. I'm the father who spoiled her so irretrievably that Harding couldn't have a fair chance with her. This—" he waved the strip of yellow paper—"is a wire from her to say she's been married this morning to young Hart, who, she agrees with you, is a peach, also a prodigy of learning. She further suggests that I add enough to my recent gift to endow a chair in Hart's department, which, in her opinion, her husband will shortly be ready to head. I'm—not—accepting her suggestion. In fact I've wired the Fund chairman canceling my entire subscription. So naturally I wasn't



"I beg your pardon," the man said. "I didn't know—no one told me—"
K. smiled ingratiatingly to lead up to her wish to stay downstairs and play with the monkey

did you call him?—if only I might stay here for a little while."

The doctor-man smiled down at her amusingly. "Stay by all means," he ordered. "I doubt if you can get far with Jacko—he's rather a difficult little chap. But they'll be serving tea in a moment. I'll order it here, and you can see Jacko drink his. Possibly, if you don't hurry him, he'll shake hands with you at parting."

"Lovely!" breathed K. "But—if you're having tea—and some other people are coming—perhaps—I'm afraid I'm in the way."

"Not at all," the doctor-man assured her pleasantly. "There are no other people. If you'll stay, I shall be indebted to you for saving me from a very lonely, very gloomy afternoon."

The monkey edged forward as far as his cord would permit and chattered solemnly.

"There!" laughed K. "He's saying it for me. Nobody could be lonely or gloomy with a monkey."

"Couldn't one?" queried the man. "I hope you're right. I—haven't tried living alone with Jacko yet. But I shall when you go. By the way, I'm a bit curious. How did you happen to come so soon? I wasn't expecting you today."

"Why, they sent me," said K. "Isn't that always the way—"

"Whom do you mean by 'they'?" asked the man, suddenly curt with her.

"Why, why—Harding," stammered K., confused by his abrupt change of manner. "The office, the—"

"I see. You're working for their endowment fund, I suppose?"

wishes, and chocolate-frosted cup cakes. All of these K.'s host pressed upon her, laughing away her suggestion that perhaps she shouldn't eat so much.

IT was certainly a most delightful infirmary—as lovely as everything else at Harding. When Jacko, ignoring his master, hopped as near K. as his chain permitted and reached out a tiny brown hand for her teacup, and she was permitted to give him one of his own, full of very sugary, syrupy tea, K. felt that, in spite of sensitive plumbbers and conservative alumnae, life still had its moments of sheer bliss.

"I never dreamed this place would be like this," she sighed, "with pansies and tea and a monkey and all. But I might have known. It's just like everything at Harding—perfectly wonderful."

"Indeed! And what class were you?" asked the doctor-man.

"Not were—are," corrected K. laughingly. "Just a freshman. But I believe that's the best class of all. It's so splendid to know that you have three more years ahead of you."

"How do you mean—splendid?" asked her host crisply. "Mean you see a lot of fun ahead?"

"Why, y—yes," said K., "I see that. But that isn't what I meant. Harding College is a bigger thing than fun. When you meet the alumnae—the finest ones have all been coming back a lot this year, you see, for the F—to visit the college—you realize how fine they are, and you know that Harding has made them so. It's—oh, you live right here—you must know a lot of Harding women, and you must see how the

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surprised to have you drop in to—interest me in the wonders of Harding College. You're a very delightful little person, Miss K. Blake, and a very clever manipulator of the truth. I'll give you that job any day you want it. But now—I won't subscribe a cent to your Fund, and I wish you good afternoon." He stood up with the air of dismissing K., Joan and Harding from his horizon.

K. had listened aghast to his opening statement that he was Pet's father; she had been pleasantly startled by the news of Pet's elopement. Then as he went on she had time to realize the damage she had done,—or helped to do,—and a great wave of misery seemed to sweep in upon her and drown her.

"I'm sorry for—everything," she murmured. "But—there's something I don't understand. Just now—I can't see through it. In the morning maybe, after I've slept round the clock, as Doctor Black said, then we'll—I can—straighten it out. Only I do think—if Jacko hadn't been so cunning, and I hadn't wanted to stay up, and you hadn't let me—Oh, now I'm afraid you'll have to carry me upstairs to bed in your old infirmary!" ended K. in a burst of frightened bitterness.

"My old infirmary!" repeated the incensed Mr. Lawson angrily, and then, "My—old—infirmary!" he repeated again, this time with a hint of a grim smile curving his lips. "Now—just what do you mean by that? Please! Sit down—while you tell me."

Gratefully poor K. sank back into the cushiony wicker chair. "It's a lovely infirmary," she sighed, "with the monkey and the

flowers and all. But I was sent here to rest, and so far I may say it hasn't proved very restful."

"Do you mean," inquired the bewildered Mr. Lawson, "that you are ill and were sent to the college infirmary, and came here by mistake?"

K. sat up straight. "Was it by mistake?" she demanded. "The doctor told me second on the—the—the—"

"Right," supplied Mr. Lawson. "That's the other side—the college side of Fairy Lane. This happens to be my house—Joan's home. Please don't feel so bad about it. I'm sure you haven't anything contagious."

K. smiled faintly up at him. "No, I haven't, but—oh, I am sorry! I said dreadful things about you and Pet, while I was drinking your tea, and besides—I don't really believe I can walk over there now."

"Maybe you can, but you're not going to," he told her comfortingly. "I've already rung for a car and my two men. They'll whisk you across the lane in a jiffy. And as for what you said, don't give it a thought. When you're better, we'll have tea together again and straighten everything out, as you suggested. Now promise me you won't worry."

"I'll try not to," said K. "But it's just too terrible to think about! Mr. Lawson, what did you suppose I was doing when you came down and found me playing with your monkey?"

"I thought," he told her, "in fact, I felt sure that you were an attractive young alumna who'd been sent to argue me into letting them keep my check for fifty thou-

sand, which I had wired them I'd stopped payment on."

"You did!" said K. "You—did!" She shut her eyes on the dreadful thought, so that the elderly chauffeur who carried her out to the car thought she had fainted, until he heard a whispered, "Oh, how silly I am!" and felt a tear splash on his hand. As he tucked the robes around her, K. opened her eyes and smiled at him. "Don't tell that I cried," she whispered.

They put K. to bed at the infirmary, and she turned her face to the wall and lay very still, so that nobody would come and ask troublesome questions. Next day, when the doctor came to see her, K. discovered adroitly that she had not heard about the terrible mistake. Whereat K. blessed Mr. Lawson, and, to avoid belated explanations, pretended to ignorance and polite surprise at the romantic tale of Pet Lawson's marrying into the Harding faculty.

SHE didn't ask to get up; she wanted to hide herself forever in this peaceful place where the Fund was taboo and nobody knew that she had been a blunderer, and nobody—not faculty or plumber or fellow-student—would twit her with putting the stamp of finality on the loss that Joan Lawson had heedlessly caused the Fund.

The very idea of her eloping before the Fund was raised! K. reflected indignantly. It would be sure to get into the papers, and it was such poor publicity.

For three days K. lay languidly in her narrow white bed, her mind almost a blank.

The early dusk of the third found her bored and cross and miserable.

"Here!" The nurse dropped a bundle on her bed. "I guess you're well enough to undo your own flowers."

Joyously K. tore the parcel open; inside was a great bunch of dewy pansies. "Oh!" K. touched the velvety petals rapturously. "Looks like that other infirmary."

Yes, there was a note signed "Ino. Lawson." "Pansies are for thoughts, they say," it ran. "I hope yours of me haven't been too unpleasant. Jacko says I tricked you and trapped you and was altogether hateful. Please let the pansies speak my apology. But, because they will soon fade, I am sending you a more lasting souvenir of my regard for you and for the college that is educating you and, I hope, many more like you. I have not as yet decided to endow that chair for my son-in-law's future occupancy. Check payable to you is for general endowment fund. I have added a little to my original intention, to make up to you for your extra days in the infirmary, for which I fear I'm responsible."

Clipped to the letter was a check for a hundred thousand dollars.

For a moment K. stared at it doubtfully. Then she waved it like a banner over her head. "Nurse!" she called, quite forgetting the bed-side bell. "Nurse, come here! I've got to send a telegram." She gave a sigh of complete satisfaction. "Well, this is Fairy Lane all right—both sides of it. Whatever else happens to me, I can always remember that once I've been in fairyland!"

THERE are sculptors in wood as well as sculptors in marble, and one such was Barzillai Green, who, judging from his one great masterpiece, must have been a born genius—a mute, inglorious Michael Angelo of the backwoods of New England. That solitary masterpiece was a life-size statue of Daniel Webster, done in beech wood previously soaked in sea water, a six-foot log from the trunk of a large tree, a yard or more in diameter.

Except for this one lone effort, Barzillai Green was a plodding wood-turner whose labors were mainly in the line of rolling-pins, gingerbread-creasers, butter-stamps, wooden bowls, wheel-fingers and loom-shuttles. His life was given to the making of this homely ware; he gained but a precarious livelihood; and his love for fine carving was held down by sordid wants that allowed him no time for ambitious attempts. Genius was pent up in his heart, however, and found expression in that one carved statue of Webster into which he appears to have put his whole soul. A wonderfully strong, gripping piece of work it was, homely but strangely lifelike.

Like most New Englanders of that generation, Barzillai Green took a keen interest in national politics and pored over the speeches made in Congress. Webster was his grand hero. Twice he had journeyed to Boston to see him; and he had heard the famous Bunker Hill address. And from out the beech log he carved that remarkable statue, which never cracked or weathered very much; for he had soaked the wood one whole winter in water brought from the sea and had added two other solutions, the nature of which he would never divulge.

The artist mantle of Barzillai Green descended to no apprentice, no son of the house. The artist himself died suddenly in 1835, but left a will in which he directed that this statue of Webster should become a trophy for oratory, to be competed for annually by the students of the academies of his native county, and held as a kind of forensic Palladium by those who should excel in public speaking and knowledge of the Constitution of the United States. High schools had not then taken the place of the scattered country academies.

Acceptance of the terms of the bequest was not enthusiastic. For some reason, too, the preceptors of the academies did not care to drill their classes for examination in oratory and the Constitution. No one laid claim to the statue. A relative of Green who inherited his workshop had it for a time. Finally, in 1847, it came into the possession of North Brayton Academy, or at least was carried there for safe-keeping and stored in a little back room, upstairs, along with the small school library. And it stood there, for years and years, as a kind of forgotten hereditament of the school.

In the fall of 1870 the senior students at Waynor Academy—where the writer was then a boy at school—challenged the North Brayton students to a debate, offering

Capturing Daniel Webster's Statue

By C. A. STEPHENS

Illustrated by HEMAN FAY



Except for his solitary masterpiece, a life-size statue of Daniel Webster, Barzillai Green was a plodding wood-turner whose labors were mainly in the line of rolling-pins

them either the affirmative or the negative side of the following question: "Resolved, that the battle of Gettysburg resulted in a greater victory than that of Waterloo."

The debate was much like other lyceum discussions of that time. The North Brayton students took the negative. The three judges, previously appointed, gave their decision in favor of the Waynor students. We treated our defeated visitors to an oyster supper and cheered them out of the academy yard on their drive home. The Webster statue had so far passed to the limbo of old bric-a-brac that no one even thought of it at the time; but a day or two later one of the Waynor students, whose grandparents had been fellow townsmen and acquaintances of Barzillai Green, remarked that by good rights we were entitled to that ancient trophy. The suggestion met with instant approbation. We decided to have it and place it on a pedestal in the portico of the academy building, and ac-

cordingly sent word to North Brayton making a formal demand for the statue.

North Brayton was not disposed to treat the requisition seriously. It replied that there had been no idea on the part of the students there that they were debating for a trophy, that the statue had been with them nearly a quarter of a century and had come to be regarded as an heirloom.

To this we rejoined with vigor, denouncing their answer as a piece of specious evasion, wholly contrary to the will of Barzillai Green, and repeated our demand for the custody of the Webster statue.

The answer, sent us by a special messenger, breathed defiance: "Since the students at Waynor are plainly devoid of all the finer, nobler sentiments of life, we the undersigned beg to remind them that possession is nine points in law; that we hold the statue of Daniel Webster as the ancient, classic Palladium of our academy; and that any attempt to deprive us of it will be resisted *pugnus et calcibus*."

There were fifty-nine signatures.

ON receipt of this warlike ultimatum our students held an uproarious meeting. Several hot-heads were in favor of mustering two hundred strong and marching across country to take the statue, *vi et armis*; but the older, wiser ones took a humorous view of the contention.

"Fortunately for us," one said (I withhold names for reasons that will be apparent later), "our opponents have announced the principle by which they wish to be governed. Possession, they tell us, is nine points in law. They have got the Webster statue, and they are going to keep it, right or wrong. Might makes right. That's the principle they are going to act on. Very well. That leaves us free to play the same game. For it's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. We need not feel any scruples about getting possession of the statue, if we can. If we can get possession of it, it's ours—according to them. Clearly this is a case for stratagems. The Trojans had their Palladium," he said; "but 'crafty Ulysses' and 'bold Diomedes' captured it." We were, as I may add, reading Homer and mythology that term.

In a similar semicomical vein another of the boys argued that the students of North Brayton were in danger of making an idol of that statue and of relapsing into paganism. A friendly interest in their spiritual welfare demanded that we should remove any and

all such idolatrous practices from the land.

Still another expatiated on our manifest duty as students of the county to carry out the noble intentions of the defunct Barzillai Green. He commented on the impiety of disregarding the old carver's last wishes. "Why, if we were to neglect to right this wrong, I for one would expect Barzillai Green's aggrieved shade to rise up and denounce me!" he cried. "On almost any dark night, when the moon was not shining too brightly, I would expect to meet his indignant ghost and hear it exclaim, 'Degenerate son, what is this world coming to!'

Many doughty schemes were broached for capturing the statue; and the following Friday night six of us set off in a double-seated wagon with a span of black horses, to drive to North Brayton; and I think I will speak of my companions as the 'crafty Ulysses,' the 'bold Diomedes,' stout Ajax, 'Thersites,' the 'swift Achilles,' and of myself as the 'rash Patroclus.' We had not announced the object of the trip, but our real purpose was to kidnap that statue in the small hours of the morning. As it was Friday night, we concluded that the North Brayton students would not discover the loss of their Palladium before the following Monday.

Thersites, who had formerly attended school at North Brayton Academy, for a term or two, but was now in the junior class at Waynor, told us of a certain basement window that could easily be raised, and once inside we would have, he assured us, no difficulty in ascending to the second floor and gaining access to the small room where the statue stood. We took several blankets and a hank of small cord for trussing up the trophy, to protect it from injury during the nocturnal transit.

We had started at nine, but drove slowly. It was a warm September night, moonless, starless, and rather dark, for the sky was murky with the smoke of forest fires. Not a drop of rain had fallen for three or four weeks. As we drew out of Waynor and mounted the hills toward the White Mountains, the distant glare of blazing woodlands reddened the horizon, and the odor of burning pine was very distinct. On the plains, a few miles farther on, we passed burnt tracts on both sides of the highway, where much smoke, with here and there the fitful glow of a still not wholly consumed log or stump, gave evidence that but recently the locality had been fire-swept.

We went lazily on, not wishing to arrive too early, and saving our team for the drive homeward, when hot pursuit was possible.

The old academy building at North Brayton stood on a rising ground apart from the little hamlet. Not a soul was abroad as we drew near; not so much as a light twinkled anywhere. Leaving our team hitched by the roadside at a safe distance, we stole up from the rear and, piloted by Thersites, found the insecure basement window. Entry was effected without difficulty, and—still piloted by Thersites—we ascended to the second floor,

secured the statue, wrapped it carefully, took it downstairs and put it out at the window. On a card where the statue stood we left the inscription: "Possession is nine points in law."

THUS far all had gone smoothly. But now our troubles began. In attempting to close the basement window, stout Ajax slipped, broke a pane of glass and cut his wrist badly. It bled copiously for some time, saturating his handkerchief and the handkerchiefs belonging to others of the party. We had brought a lantern, but dared not keep it burning outside. Still the wound bled. At last crafty Ulysses contrived a ligature from a bit of the cord on the statue, which appeared to check the bleeding. We then set off in haste, reached our team and, taking the statue aboard, drove for home.

We had proceeded only about a mile, however, when stout Ajax exclaimed that his wrist had started to bleed again. On lighting the lantern, to readjust the cord, the disconcerting discovery was made that a pocket-handkerchief, belonging to swift Achilles, with which he had tried to bandage the wound, had been lost—left behind.

That was bad, but not the worst, for, strictly speaking, the handkerchief was not that of swift Achilles, but the property of a young lady at Waynor. A fortnight before, the Waynor students had played a ball game with the boys at Hinton Academy, ten miles away, and had won. Nearly fifty of our students, girls as well as boys, were present; and on the way home the girls had decorated the winners with handkerchiefs bound round their right arms, after the manner of the days of chivalry.

"On my soul, I believe that was Molly Selwin's handkerchief!" swift Achilles exclaimed. "I put it in my pocket that night and forgot to give it back to her!"

"That's a pretty go!" cried crafty Ulysses. "Like as not it has her name, or her initials, on it!"

It was plain that the handkerchief must be recovered at any cost. We turned and drove back in haste. After another cautious approach from the rear, search for the missing handkerchief began on hands and knees among the weeds. It was very dark. We had to light the lantern, and finally we found the handkerchief, crushed in a wad, under a burdock leaf.

We then drove rapidly away. Unluckily an early-rising teamster, who was feeding his horses, had seen the flittings of our lantern. He watched us drive away and later told what he had seen.

Discovery of what had happened, particularly of the message we had left, roused the North Brayton students to high excitement. So far from regarding our exploit as a joke, they were filled with wrath. Actually, they tried to make us out guilty of burglary and rushed to invoke the aid of the law. Complaint was entered before the nearest municipal judge and a warrant obtained for the search of Waynor Academy building! A sheriff and two constables appeared among us, during the following Monday afternoon,

We secured the statue, wrapped it carefully, took it downstairs, and put it out the window

to the great annoyance of Preceptor Emmons. So scandalous a thing had never happened there before! Alarm descended on us, for the sheriff had hinted at criminal proceedings.

The statue was not found in the building, however, for a good reason. Owing to nocturnal delays, daylight had surprised us on the way home Saturday morning; and, not deeming it quite safe to drive to the academy with our prize, after people were astir, we had hidden it in a pile of four-foot-wood, about three miles out of the village, and off some little way from the road.

The six of us most in peril of the law held disturbed confabs in secret. Strong expressions of indignation at the unsportsmanlike attitude of the North Braytonites were indulged in. The idea of their resorting to the law in revenge for a prank to which they had as good as challenged us was especially odious. One point was clear, however: it would never do to be caught in possession of the statue.

"Let's go and get it," said crafty Ulysses, "take it over to Hinton Academy and set it by their front door. It will be highly interesting to see how Hinton and North Brayton will settle it."

The majority dissented from this scheme,



on the ground that we were now on the best of terms with the Hinton fellows, and that it would be unfair to involve them in a muss that now bade fair to turn out seriously—for somebody.

Thersites remarked that probably the best and easiest way for us would be to send word roundabout to the North Braytonites where the statue was to be found and let them recover it in their own way.

But none of the others would agree to that. "No, sir—ee!" cried stout Ajax—with his wrist in a sling. "I've fought and bled to capture that statue. North Brayton shall never have it again, unless they win it in square debate, as old Barzillai willed."

Diomedes suggested boxing it up and sending it by express, anonymously, to the old Boston Museum, on Tremont Street, or to the museum of historical relics at the Old South Meetinghouse, on Washington Street, or else, perhaps, to the famous museum of the then great popular showman, P. T. Barnum. "Barnum would rejoice in that statue!" said Diomedes.

None of these schemes seemed wholly feasible, however, all had dangerous features. What we finally agreed on was to get the statue the following night, hide it in a safer

place and keep possession of it until some compromise could be effected with the rancorous North Braytonites. Now that they had appealed to law and threatened us with jail, we were determined they should never have the statue again, except under the terms of the old sculptor's will.

BUT alas for all pacific intentions! When we went to get the statue, two midnights later, we found that the forest fires had spread across the brushy plains to the pile of four-foot wood, and all that remained of the statue was a charred log, which the salt water, perhaps, had prevented from being wholly consumed.

A real work of art was thus lamentably sacrificed.

So chagrined did we feel, so conscience-stricken, that we stole away home, buried the secret in our own bosoms, and said never a word to anyone.

The North Brayton students prosecuted the search for some time, but failed to discover anything or to incriminate any one directly. What became of the statue remained a mystery for years; and, so far as I know, this tale gives the first authentic intelligence of its fate.

Chapter III

THE next weeks were busy ones in the office of Dunbar, Cranston & Co., particularly for the senior member of the concern, who found his partner not an unmixed blessing. Dick found it necessary to pass on to his partner his hard-earned information secured in the Sun office, and he soon learned that it was more difficult to teach another person to do a thing than to do it himself.

Finally Dick assumed entire charge of the mechanical part of the work, and his partner helped out on the bookkeeping and wrote certain parts of the paper. The Berkshire Boy now boasted half a dozen small advertisements, was printing a continued story, had its puzzle box, and ran in each issue an editorial column. These duties, added to approaching final examinations and an exacting baseball schedule, filled Dick's time so that he found himself giving up many pleasures.

At this time unsolicited orders for job printing began to drift in. These the boys found very profitable. Mr. Clapp was their best customer; he was a manufacturer and used quantities of labels and tags which the boys could turn out well with the equipment they had. They made a point of keeping all their business promises, and they never failed to deliver an order on the day promised, though on many occasions the Dunbar

The Berkshire Boy

By MACGREGOR JENKINS

Illustrated by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

barn was a busy place until late into the night.

Thus far this printing had been of the simplest kind, but one day Mr. Clapp sent for Dick and told him that his printer had disappointed him on a special order of labels which were needed immediately. Did Dick care to undertake the work?

It developed that the tag was to be printed in gold, was to have a hole punched in each one and a bit of string looped into it. Dick had never done anything of this sort, but he hated to decline the order. He told Mr. Clapp that he would consult with his partner and let him know at once. The "partner" he consulted was Jim Harding; Dick explained the work, and Jim was very skeptical as to whether the boys could do it or not. There was no stock on hand for these labels; it must be secured and specially cut. There was no machine available for punching the holes.

Nothing daunted, Dick accepted the order, and then followed three of the most hectic days in the history of the firm. Relays of help were drafted, some voluntary, some paid, and with the cumbersome punch which

they had the holes were made in the thousands of bits of cardboard.

After supper on the first day Mr. Hardings foreman came in and started Dick on the printing. All that evening and every available hour of the next day were spent with this bothersome task, and at the end of the second day the run was completed. At this point Dick discovered that his two younger sisters could be of material assistance, and they were hired at what Dick thought a ruinous price to tie in the loops of string. It was a tired boy who rode proudly to Mr. Clapp's mill on the appointed day with his consignment of tags in a dozen big bundles. It was the first job the delivery of which required the services of the village truckman.

This started a long and profitable relationship, as the mill could supply Dick with all the printing his little plant could handle with its present force.

DURING these troubled days the school season drew to its close, the final baseball games were played, and the question of

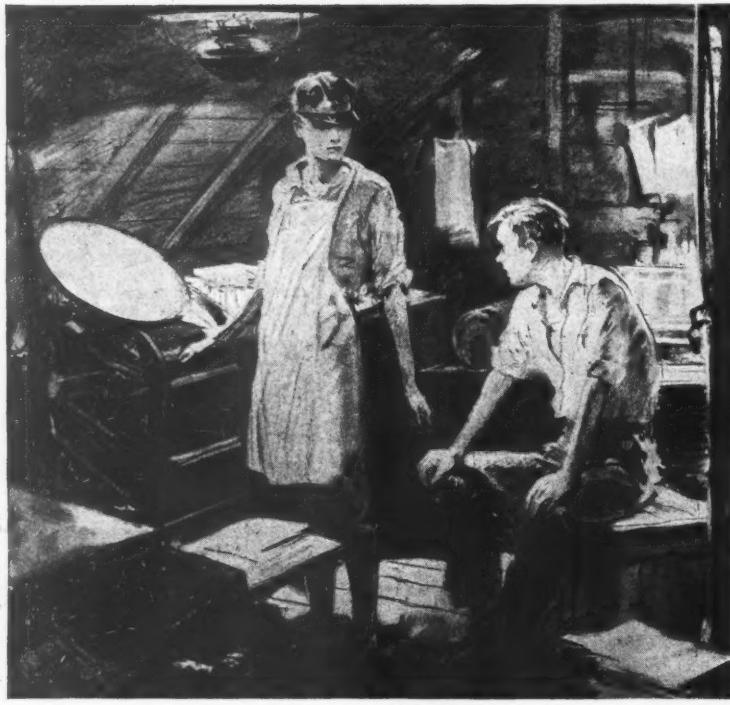
a captain for the next year's team came up. To his surprise, Dick found that his name was being discussed as a candidate, but many of the boys seemed to want Ted Clapp, the son of Dick's friend and benefactor.

Ted was by all means the best all-round player on the team; he headed the batting list and played an unusually good game at second base. Some of the boys felt, and Dick was among them, that the choice would be unfortunate. The team was to lose a number of fine players by graduation; there was not much good material in sight, and success the next year depended largely upon a well-drilled team of average players working under inspiring leadership. While Ted was a good ball-player, he was quick-tempered and a little arrogant.

Soon the school was divided into two parties, one vigorously supporting Dick and the other supporting Ted.

From its first issue The Berkshire Boy had interested itself in school affairs; it had opened its columns to letters on all sorts of subjects, and soon the debated question of the baseball captain began to creep into the correspondence. Dick felt that the time was coming very soon when the paper must choose and support a candidate. No one seemed to have thought of anyone but Dick and Ted until suddenly one day it occurred to Dick that, after all, neither of them was the best choice for the place. There was a quiet boy with flaming red hair, affection-

September 23, 1926

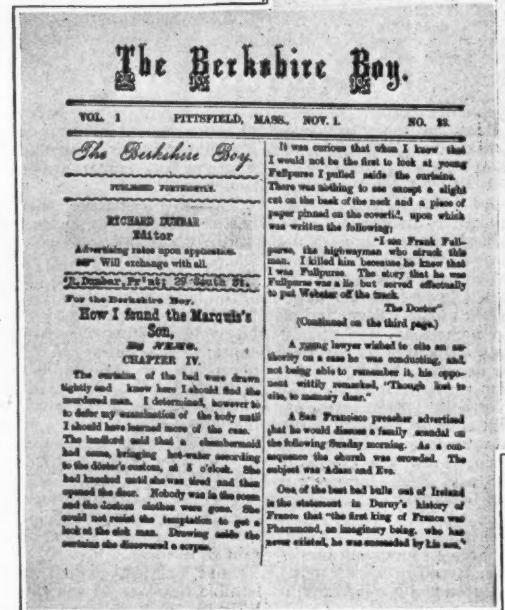


All Dick could say to Cranston was, "I shall be sorry if Mr. Clapp feels hurt, but I do not see what the choice of a baseball captain has to do with the quality of the printing we turn out."

ately known as "Redney" Terry, who played shortstop. He had never been known to make an unnecessary remark, and his errors were as infrequent as his remarks. He had, however, a quiet force which every boy on the team recognized. In many a hard-fought game he had held them together and pulled victory out of defeat. Dick's most vivid impression of him was when at some crucial point he stood crouched well infield, ready to risk everything on the chance of a double play.

Instantly Dick saw the light. Redney Terry was the man made for the place; it was only his modesty and quiet manner that had kept the boys from considering him. Dick withdrew his name as a candidate and came out with a strong editorial in favor of Redney. It caused a tremendous sensation, and the school hummed with excitement. Now that he was definitely out of the running, Dick worked with all his might to influence the other boys in Redney's favor, and only a few days before the final day of school an election was held and Redney secured the coveted honor. Ted took the decision in bad part and was particularly hos-

At right:
Facsimile of
The Berkshire Boy
as printed on
Dick's new press



The Berkshire Boy.

TERMS.
THE BERKSHIRE BOY.
PUB. BY

Here and There.

— Mr. Crisp of Montreal has had an effect in the electric light by the device of reflecting his reflector in the light and throwing the rays upward to the ceiling. It is found that using this method the light is reflected back from the ceiling and appears much brighter, much softened, and far more agreeable to the eyes than when reflected directly downward. This is done by placing the reflector in front of the lamp so that the beam of light is directed by the ceiling, and so that the light may not be too bright for the eyes. Objects not exposed to direct light are not shadowed, as in cases of ordinary reflectors, but the whole effect is described as like that of the sun in the zenith.

Guncotton is a mixture of cellulose, benzaldehyde, and salpiter, and has been in use five or six hundred years. Some old discoverer of gunpowder, in the course of his experiments, found that if ignited, would explode suddenly and bound out that salpiter gave force to the explosion still later it was found, that by adding to it a certain amount of benzaldehyde, it would burn slowly and steadily without bursting. This led to the invention of firearms. The first cannons were made of wood, stone, and horn-like barrels. The first battle of any note in which they were used was that of Poitiers between the French and English in 1356.

Above: As printed on the old press. Notice thin type, "empty" composition, generally unprofessional appearance, as compared with the later issue on the left

tile to Dick, as he felt that he was responsible for Redney's election.

That night as they worked in their shop Cranston, who by now had become an active salesman and advertising solicitor, reproached Dick for what he had done.

"I suppose you know," he said, "that Mr. Clapp wanted Ted to be captain. You know, too, that he is our best customer. A swell chance we will have of getting any more of Mr. Clapp's business!"

This point of view was not a new one to Dick. He shared a little of his partner's fear that Mr. Clapp would be disappointed.

All Dick could say was, "I shall be very sorry if Mr. Clapp feels hurt, but I do not see what the choice of a baseball captain has to do with the quality of the printing we turn out."

"If you don't see it now," Cranston said, "you will discover when you get out into business that such things are important."

"That may be so," said Dick, "but it is not the way I shall do business."

THE summer passed, as summer vacations do, all too quickly. The work on the paper fell into a routine, and the paper ap-

peared regularly, each issue a little better than the last one. Nothing had been heard from Mr. Clapp; he had been abroad all summer. Ted was still sulky, but the boys in general felt that Redney would turn out a good team the next year.

The boys had been back at school for several weeks, football was the topic of the hour, and still no orders had reached Dick from the Clapp mill. One day he received a letter from Mr. Clapp, asking him to call. Something troubled, Dick went to his office. Mr. Clapp greeted him warmly.

"I have been away all summer," he said, "and I am surprised to find that the office has been sending you no printing orders this summer."

"No," said Dick. "We have heard nothing from you, but I knew that you were away."

"Why didn't you come and ask for some printing?" asked Mr. Clapp.

Dick paused a moment and then said: "We don't like to ask for work, Mr. Clapp. We felt that if our work was satisfactory we would get more; if not, it was a matter for you to decide. Besides, I thought you might have some feeling about the baseball matter."

Mr. Clapp looked astonished for a moment and then said: "I had no feeling about it at all, except that I think you did exactly right. I know Ted is a good ball-player, but I know him too well at home to believe that he could make a good captain for your team. I see it all now. My superintendent thinks Ted will run this mill some day, and I guess he tried to please Ted by holding up your orders. Anyway, Ted is not running this mill yet, and we have our busiest season ahead of us. What I want to know is, how much work can you handle?"

Dick accepted all that he felt they could produce. As he left the office Mr. Clapp said: "Now, my boy, I want you to understand one thing. When you grow up, if you run a paper, don't let the business office control it. If you run a mill, don't let family matters decide business questions."

The next spring The Berkshire Boy completed its year of publication; Dick wrote its valedictory at the close of its first volume. As both members of the firm were headed for boarding-school the coming fall, the plant was closed out; and Dick put his share of the proceeds into the savings bank, an amount nearly enough to meet his expenses his first year away from home.

THE END.

In front of Bartholomew Crab's little brown house with its separate little brown barn two men met by accident. Through an open window in the workshop end of the barn came the sound of the grating of a file.

"It sounds," remarked the man who had come from the direction of town, bending his head towards the noise, "as though Bart hasn't found perpetual motion yet—unless he's making it himself."

"He says he's got the secret," the other remarked, "and all he wants is time and money enough to work it out. I hear he's been trying to interest old Lyman Adams in it. But I guess he didn't do much."

"Guess Lyman can take care of his money," remarked the man who had come from town. "I wish I could look after mine half as good. Here I'm going to spend more cash for another of Smith's horses."

"Sure you don't want a hog or two instead of a horse? I may have some left by and by." The other plucked a blade of grass preparatory to moving on.

"I might like some," he answered. "I'll stop in and see you on my way back."

Left alone the owner of the hogs, known best as "A. K." to distinguish him from E. L. Hart, the milk dealer, turned in at Crab's side gate and walked deliberately to the barn from which the noise had come.

Bartholomew Crab's hobby was mechanics. Ever since his own brief year in a technical school he had been buying and reading

Bartholomew Crab's Discovery

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

Illustrated by CLARENCE ROWE

books on electricity, steam, wind-power, turbines, gas engines—on everything, in fact, that seemed to bear on the problem of perpetual motion.

His training had been enough to enable him to understand about half of what he read, but it had not taught him to apply his knowledge. He was a practical, fairly prosperous apple farmer, whose intelligence in matters relating to apple farming no one had seriously questioned. It was when he turned to something for which he was not fitted that his ignorance became evident.

His wife had long since given up her attempts to prove to him that he was wasting his time, had been won over by his persistence so far that she defended him obstinately and loyally before the gossips who scoffed.

"I guess my husband has got a right to try to find perpetual motion as long as he doesn't squander his money on it," she had declared to a certain sharp-tongued woman.

"But there isn't any such thing as perpetual motion," declared the woman.

"If no one has seen it, how do they know there isn't?" replied Mrs. Crab with the

logic of the other sex, and the conversation came to an abrupt end.

One great trouble lately was that Bartholomew Crab was squandering money; not dangerously yet, but he spent time which should have been spent on his apples bending over his workbench, and as he increased his extravagance in time, he became freer with his cash. The last withdrawal of fifty dollars from the bank had thoroughly worried his wife.

"Good morning, Bart," said A. K. Hart as he crossed the threshold of the shop. "How's it getting on?"

"Hello, hello, A. K.," replied the other, "glad to see you. Find a seat—anywhere; don't mind that tackle, because I ain't going to use it after all. I ought to be out after those trees of mine, but I just wanted to get this square washer fitted before I started."

A. K. looked about him curiously. It was a well-equipped shop, such as many a man with a love of tinkering and a knack of "making things" is likely to have. The grindstone, the foot-power lathe, the little forge, the odd-length lumber, the boxes and racks

of tools, the scrap heap—all these were to be expected in such a place.

On one end of the workbench were several electric-battery cells, two tall glass retorts full of a whitish liquor which was slowly effervescing, bits of steel chains, bottles of oil, and various chemicals. Lastly, there was a little brass cylinder with a lens set in one end and closed at the other. A. K. took it up and looked it over.

"That's my latest," said Crab. "See that pointer in there? You can see better in a dark corner. It's a spintharoscope. There's a pin point of radium bromide under that, and it makes a zinc-sulphide screen on the bottom scintillate. Been going just as hard for a month."

A. K. glued the cylinder to his eye and gazed in. He saw a black watch hand, and, directly beneath it, a brilliant, incessant shower of tiny sparks and flashes of light, radiating out concentrically.

"So that's radium," said Crab, sitting back from his work. He continued impressively:

"Who says there ain't perpetual motion? Now if I can only—"

"Only what?"

"Only get a mechanism that'll work from that power—only gear it, you might say, to those sparks, why—why, A. K.," he exclaimed, "don't you see that you've merely got to replace the energy lost by friction and work just as soon as it is lost, and there you



The live stock arrived next morning. The pig pen was immediately below Bartholomew's shop

are? Life, does that. From the very beginning till now there has been a perpetual procession—from the first protoplasm on down to you and me. You see, don't you, that the principle is sound enough. The application is still wanting." He turned suddenly back to his task as if to make the necessary application at once. There was an empty pause.

"I came," said A. K. presently, "to see if you still wanted those hogs you asked about in the fall. You said you were kind of thinking about buying some and starting in again. Now I've got three fine ones, just what you want, and a litter of little ones about three weeks old. That'll make a nice start for you. I want to sell 'em as soon as I can, because I'm getting crowded. I see you've still got the pens all right."

"Oh, I've got the pens," repeated Crab abstractedly. "But I don't know whether I want to waste the time on pigs just now or not. Apples keep me about as busy as I want to be—apples and this. Then my wife's got all she can do, and I don't exactly like—" He stopped his sentence, which had been at best mechanical, and walked over to the scrap heap to find something.

"Why, Ella spoke to me about the pigs yesterday down town," said Hart; "that's why I came."

"Is that so?" responded Crab, still abstracted. "Well, I don't know. See her. Ask her, and if she wants to, why, it's all right. You see I'm right in the midst of all this—" He waved his hand comprehensively.

HART found Ella Crab in the kitchen and explained his errand.

"He said he wasn't sure he had time," he concluded, "but seems to me that it would be a good thing for Bart to let up on that tinkering of his. Course," he added, remembering that Crab's wife would allow no disparagement of her husband, "course that radium thing is mighty interesting and all, but it doesn't seem as if it could make much of a machine go."

"It might," said the woman briefly.

"It might," the man admitted. "But—look here, Ella, I ain't going to argue with you about your husband. You know how I like you and Bart, and what I want to do is to help you to get him out of this fool notion. As you say," he went on cautiously, "the thing might work, but do you think that Bart's the man to make it when all scientists have given up trying? If he was rich, I'd have no kick, but, Ella—you aren't mad with me talking this way?"

The woman shook her head sadly.

"You're a real friend, A. K.," she said, "but you can't do anything. He's got to work it out of him somehow. If only it didn't cost so much. A. K., that man of mine has spent a hundred and fifty dollars out of the savings bank in six weeks!" She turned to the window which looked towards the barn.

"Just listen here," said Hart. "I've got a proposition. You said he's got to work it out of himself. That's sense. Now what you do is this. You buy those hogs from me on credit. When he asks you why, tell him there isn't any ready money, and you didn't want to draw from the bank again. If I know Bartholomew Crab, that'll stir him up some. His uncle died on the poor farm, you know, and Bart—well, he'll get roused up, and the chances are that he'll work at hogs and

"We shall soon if you buy any more radium what-you-call-it," she said.

That afternoon she was able to rouse her husband from his bench to rake out the pens and lay fresh straw in them. But he returned almost immediately to the task that interested him most. While he made ready the sty he explained for perhaps the twentieth time to his wife "the principles," as he termed it, on which he was working. She thought that he seemed to be reassuring himself of its soundness by the repetition.

"Life is at the bottom of it," he said, "because life can replace its own energy as long as it lives, and other life is sure to follow."

"I know," said Ella, a little wearily. "You'd better clear out the other trough, too, Bart. We shall have to keep a lot of water there for those little pigs."

The live stock arrived the next morning, and thus Crab's attention was forced upon them. The pen was immediately below his shop, and one of the small porkers of a playful disposition kept his brothers in an uproar of squeals. At dinner time Crab came to the house without delay and thoroughly upset.

"I can't work with those animals under me," he said. "I've about decided it'll save time in the long run if I mend the pens down by the creek—the ones father built. Then I can work in quiet."

"It will be better for the pigs, too, dear," said his wife. Secretly she was glad of his annoyance, but she of course did not show it.

The old pens required more repairing. Lumber had to be purchased. This took time, attention, and, more than that, it brought home to Crab as nothing else could, the fact that he might become a poor man. He now first learned that the hogs had been bought on credit, and, distressed at the idea of owing anyone money, he drew again from the savings bank in spite of his wife's objections. She did not, however, urge him too strongly, for the virus of outdoor work had entered the man, and the hours in the shop had diminished rapidly in number. Apparently, A. K.'s scheme was working. Crab had sowed the lower field with feed corn.

"You're a scientific man and a farmer, I believe, Mr. Crab," said a young city man to him one day. He was a newcomer who had recently bought a farm next to Bartholomew's.

"What do you know about alfalfa for hog feed? I've read that they're doing great things with it, and I thought you would be the best man to tell me, as I see you've some fine pigs. Has it food elements which ordinary grass hasn't, or is it merely cheaper, or what? I want to know from an authority."

Crab, thus questioned one morning in his workshop, felt ashamed to have to admit ignorance. "I can't say," he replied. "I've never looked into that. Why don't you ask A. K. Hart down the road. I got my hogs from him."

THE incident, slight as it was, brought a revelation to Crab. He had been appealed to as a scientific man, and what had he done to earn his title? Surely the chaotic mess which was cluttering up his workbench was no warrant. In his apple-growing he had done practically nothing but keep the trees pruned and well, and pick and barrel the fruit in the fall. He had not experimented in any way with apples. Now, being asked a question the answer to which was a commonplace with most men, he had been forced to confess his ignorance, and this to a man who had scarcely shaken the dust of the city from his shoes, who was laughed at in town as a "dude farmer." He at least showed that he was awake.

Bartholomew Crab had worked thoroughly—to give him his true credit—on his perpetual-motion theory. And just as he had put his heart and spirit into that labor, so now, spurred by his debts, the wound to his pride, and by the feeling that his wife was expecting it of him, he turned his attention to hogs. He wrote to Washington for the literature of the Department of Agriculture. He talked with Hart. He visited the markets, and later in the year the county fair, where one of his young hogs won a minor prize. By the end of September he had fairly "made good" with his sty. The apples took what extra time the pigs did not. But when the rush was over, to his wife's sorrow and the mystification of Hart, he returned to his bench in the workshop, where he spent practically every evening.

One night Hart dropped in on his way back from town. The room was much the same as it always had been. The batteries stood on the workbench as before, and the two rotors still held the whitish liquor, which, however, had stopped effervescing. The little brass cylinder was gone. Crab was figuring and writing on paper, referring constantly to some books.

"Still at it?" asked Hart as he entered. Crab raised his head. "Still at what?" he inquired, smiling.

"Perpetual motion," replied the other, exploring among the things on the bench. "Where's the radium apparatus?"

"In the house," he replied. "My wife's been kind of interested in it lately."

"You don't mean to say that she's going to start in on this racket?" asked the other. "I thought Ella—"

"A. K.," said Crab slowly, "I want you to listen to what I'm going to say. I've got the secret! I've got perpetual motion or as near as a human being can ever come to it, I guess. Remember what I told you—that it must be like life—must replace its own energy, and so on?"

Hart nodded.

"On this sheet of paper," said Crab, "is my scheme for a year's work at the kind of perpetual motion I've discovered. It's my programme for enlarging my hog farm. I've kind of decided that I've got the foundations of a pretty good little business already started. What pigs I sell will be replaced by those that are born, and so on. Barring accidents, that's good enough perpetual motion for me."

"Then do you mean to say," exclaimed the other, rising in his surprise, "that you've quit all this?"

"I do, my friend. But I don't mean to say anything to Ella till tomorrow, because that's her birthday, and I want to make a present to her of a very, very wise husband. And the funny thing, A. K.," he continued to his friend, "is that everybody except me discovered the secret long ago!"



"That's radium," said Crab. "Who says there ain't perpetual motion?"

NEXT WEEK

"IN HIS DISHONOR"

An episode in the life of the most notorious modern traitor

By ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

THIS man surely said to himself in boyhood, as most boys have said before him: "I have only one life to lead, and I want to get out of it as much fun and as many rewards as I can." If he took stock of himself in a mirror, and what boy has not—he saw a tall, loosely knit, slender boy, with no marked muscular development nor depth of chest, but with a pair of exceedingly bright and even burning dark eyes. Nobody who ever looked at Walter Camp in the face can forget those eyes. Men with eyes like that are rare, and they indicate a spirit that commands other men.

But before Walter Camp could command others, he had to learn to command himself. He had great advantages. His mental equipment was far above the ordinary. He had a superbly controlled memory—there was never a time in his life when he would fail to repeat accurately any poem that struck his fancy, or the substance of any important letter or conversation. A powerful memory gives its possessor a tremendous start toward all creative thinking. Camp observed a great deal, remembered it all, and constantly revolved the useful parts of it in his mind. He did not doze nor dream. He was either wide awake or sound asleep. And when, perhaps fifty-five years ago, he started to take stock of himself, he no doubt thought like this:

"There is no fortune waiting for me. If I want more money than I can earn from a weekly salary, I shall have to make it. I am not naturally strong. My arm has no bulging muscle. My neck, wrists, chest, and calves are all slimmer than in most boys of my age. If I am to excel in sports, I must build myself up, and cultivate speed and agility."

He went to work so quietly at this process of building himself up that even his best chums in school—the boys who have since become Mr. Julian W. Curtiss, and Mr. Walter Jennings—cannot recall precisely what it was he did.

But I have a very clear picture of what he must have done. As a school-teacher's son, his parents had no money to give him for visits to Western ranches, or for the long sea voyages that were once regularly prescribed for underdeveloped boys. Walter Camp must have had his own private gymnasium in his small bedroom in his parents' home. He must have bent forward and back and sideways, patiently, half a hundred times each morning. He must have risen dozens of times a day on his toes, before the steel-like tendons in his legs gave him the superb power and balance that marked his football running later on. He must have inhaled deeply and regularly, before that thin chest of his became deep. He took long runs on the roads around New Haven. Physical development is not a gift. It comes because a man has worked for it, somehow. Theodore Roosevelt paid the price for it in one way, Walter Camp in another. Abraham Lincoln and George Washington in still another. Lincoln owed his powerful body to his early days as an axe-man and pioneer. Washington developed his magnificent physique by breaking new trails in the wilderness.

Camp a Born Competitor

Walter Camp used to grin appreciatively at the stories told in the biographies of famous Americans.

"Look at James J. Hill," he said, "a great grizzly bear of a man who gained his enormous physical strength in railroad construction camps. Look at the man who founded the Vanderbilt family, a sailboat man, accustomed to hoisting sail and handling the tiller in any weather, as part of his ferry business. Collis P. Huntington was a farm hand. Marshall Field grew up on a farm. All were accustomed to hard outdoor labor of some kind, and thus had advantages denied to many of our younger men today. The sons and grandsons of men like these are city born and bred. Body-building toil has gone out of their lives."

He was a born competitor, a man who delighted to win. Too many people slack-wittedly imagine the true sportsman to be "a good loser." The true sportsman is, of course, preeminently a good winner; a man who despises all small and crooked tricks, but who spares no pains to achieve victory by all honorable means, including, most of all, a thorough preparation.

So our first picture of Walter Camp is that of a boy trying patiently to build a slim body to fighting pitch. He attended a splendid school, Hopkins Grammar, in New Haven. This school is older than Yale College. Its students were a *corps d'élite*. Fathers sent their boys there from many other cities.

Walter Camp

By HARFORD POWEL, JR.

Chapter I. THE ROUND, BLACK RUBBER FOOTBALL



THE FATHER OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL

M. R. POWEL has done well to dedicate this biography of Walter Camp to the schoolboys of America.

They had no truer and no more understanding friend than Walter Camp. As a boy himself he was just naturally all boy, a typical American boy full of spirit and dash, keen for play and reveling in wholesome sport and contest. In the picture above you see him as schoolboy.

As a man he never lost the boy's point of view. His interest in boys as boys was unbounded, and his understanding of them was as sympathetic as it was complete.

The schoolboys of America have for years regarded Walter Camp as their great friend. They will continue to do so for years to come, and they have a right to.

He has not only given them the greatest of all their sports, American Rugby football, but he has taught them how to play it, and how to "keep fit." He has pointed out to them how these battles of the gridiron help to develop the qualities so essential to success in later life.

And, above all, he has taught them by both spoken and written word, by precept and by example, the finest ideals of American sportsmanship.

E. K. HALL,

Chairman of the United States Football Rules Committee.

There were no dormitories. The boys lived in rooming houses all over town.

Walter Camp lived in his parents' home. He respected his school-teacher father, from whom he inherited his keen intellect, but he was not subjected to sharp parental discipline. He could have lounged around street corners at night, had he wished, and smoked cigarettes and drunk beer. But he did not choose. He was a competitor, through and through. He wanted to excel at both studies and sports.

He stood high in his studies at Hopkins—never below fourth or fifth in a class of sixteen to thirty-five boys.

Fifty Years Ahead of His Time

Evidently, he was not then—and was not going to be—the kind of athlete who takes a certain warped satisfaction in poor scholastic marks. There have been too many such boys in our schools and colleges. In the days when college football players prided themselves on their toughness it was unfashionable to have—or at least to seem to have—any brain at all. Grinds, or polers, or digs, as they are variously called at the colleges, are seldom popular men. This is because they have overdone the appearance of being students, as much as football men used to overdo the appearance of being toughs. But there has come about in the past fifteen years a revaluation of brains and mental earnestness. The newspaper sports writers

have helped, by making it clear to boys everywhere that a professional baseball player like Rogers Hornsby, for instance, or Ty Cobb, or Eddie Collins, is valuable to his team, not because he is tough, but because he is intelligent. Such a man has brains, sharpens them by study and observation, and uses them in every game. He is a "smart" player. So in football have such modern players as Friedman and Dooley come to be appreciated by the spectators, and by boys everywhere, because they are first of all intelligent. Dooley, the Dartmouth quarterback, actually dared to write and publish poetry of serious lyrical value, even though he was also making the most remarkable forward passes ever seen on any field. These two things are not incompatible. Thirty years ago they would have been thought so. The idea that a great halfback could have attained and held a scholastic rating of better than 70 per cent would have been regarded by most undergraduates as preposterous. They would have preferred to think of the halfback as a lazy, jovial halfwit—a man who could hardly write his name, and who never read so much as the front page of a newspaper.

Walter Camp was fifty years ahead of his time in that respect. Men who went to school with him remember him as an earnest student. His geniality was natural and not assumed. It would have been impossible to regard him as a dig; but his schoolmates had every reason to know that he labored faith-

fully at his books. Each of them remembers another significant thing about him. He was the only boy at Hopkins who had a football, and who delighted in kicking it around at recess time. At eleven o'clock each morning, Camp was the first boy to rush out on the playground, with an old, round, black rubber football in his hands.

What Camp Gave America

Many a Yale undergraduate, strolling home from the diamond or the boathouse, must have looked casually at the Hopkins boys as they played ball on their own grounds. In the mind of such an Olympian these young chaps were hardly worth a thought.

But what about that thin, tall boy of fourteen with the round, black, rubber ball? Did anyone pay him the tribute of a glance, as he stood a little apart from the scrub baseball game, kicking his ball high and trying to lure the other boys into kicking it back again? Football in America was an outlaw game, a sort of town game, old and disreputable. Twenty or thirty boys and men, craving hard exercise and a free-for-all fight or rush, might kick a football around, and even try to rush it through another mob of equal size and motleyness. There was a football team at Yale and at some of the other colleges; and the Canadians were becoming proficient at the game, under English rules. But the game was not in favor at most American colleges, and few people cared to see it played. Baseball and rowing and running were the gentlemen's games.

Pass on, Yale undergraduate, and do not give the schoolboy with the round, black, rubber ball another thought. All he is doing is planting a seed which, before you are dead, will have blossomed into a hundred immense bowls and stadiums; will have begun to pay all the expenses of all the other college sports; will have made even college baseball into virtually a minor sport; will be attracting millions of spectators on every Saturday of every autumn; and will set any schoolboy's heart pounding at the slightest chance to see Ben Friedman play, or Red Grange.

This is what Walter Camp is preparing for America—but he does not realize it himself. He is wondering, audibly, why some of his mates won't quit baseball for a few minutes and help him kick his old, black rubber ball around.

The Wish to Excel

The outlines of Walter Camp's life are so simple that they can be given in twenty lines. He was born in New Haven on April 7, 1859. His parents were Leverett L. Camp and Ellen Cornwall Camp. His earliest American ancestor was Nicholas Camp, who came to this country in 1630 from County Essex, in England, landing at Salem, Massachusetts, and afterwards settling in Milford, Connecticut.

Walter Camp played football and other games with distinction at Yale for six years. From 1877 until 1925, when he died, he was a member of every intercollegiate football rules committee and convention. He married Alice Graham Sumner and was the father of two children. He rose from clerk to president and chairman of the New Haven Clock Company. When Hopkins Grammar School was reorganized, he was elected to its Board of Trustees. During the World War he was Chairman of the Athletic Department, United States Navy Commission on Training Camp Activities. He found time also to serve municipal commissions, to write more than twenty novels, histories, and books on sports, to edit the "Outdoor America" department in Collier's Weekly, and to invent and promote the Daily Dozen system of exercise. In addition he was for thirty years the outstanding football legislator and coach in America, helping his college to make a winning record that has never been equaled, and to establish football as the most successful among all college games. He will be remembered as the father of American football.

So much for an outline. Like all other outlines now so popular, it is almost worthless unless you fill the blank spaces inside the contours. You will observe, for instance, that he won his great national reputation without ever changing his residence from the small city in which he was born. Walter Camp stayed in his home town, sure that the world would in time come and find him there. The last thing he ever wanted was ease and comfort. He wanted to face the arena and make himself conspicuous in it. He wanted success, and he was willing to pay its price. But he believed, like a majority of equally ambitious men, that the best place



The Yale Graduates' Team which played an exhibition game at the Yale Bicentennial in 1901. Top row, left to right: J. Hall, W. Wright, R. Townsend, S. L. Coy, P. T. Stillman, R. Hickok, B. C. Chamberlin, F. Murphy, J. C. Greenway, H. Gross, P. K. W. Hale, W. H. Corbin, W. W. Heffelfinger, A. H. Sharpe, Middle row: Gordon Brown, G. B. Cutten, R. Armstrong, G. Hutchinson, F. S. Butterworth, S. B. Thorne, Walter Camp, Captain, O. D. Thompson, M. Ely, C. Chadwick. Front row: Lee McClung, Vance McCormick

in which to win the game of life is on the home grounds.

If you would like a mental photograph by which to remember Walter Camp, you will find it in this paragraph from the preliminary notes he wrote for the brilliant little book of practical philosophy called "The Daily Dozen," on which he was working when he died:

"If a boy has the wish to excel, he takes on a contract which involves patience, self-control, persistence, and hard work. No boy or man ever made himself a leader in sports, or in life, without doing a great deal of hard work which at times seemed to be drudgery. No one comes to the top without making certain sacrifices. It is not an easy road, but it is an eminently satisfactory road, because it leads to the desired end."

Camp was not among the men who say, like Theodore Roosevelt, "I've had a bally time." He had a very hard time before life began to run smoothly for him, and he remembered all about it—the bumps and bangs he received in football practice, the self-imposed torture of cross-country running before he was good enough to win a place in the quarter-mile run, the burden of captaining a college team before that team was disciplined enough to win its big games, the hardships of rigid personal economy before he went to his wife, near the end of his life, and told her that her own future was financially secure. He was no favorite child of fortune. But through all his difficulties he had in full measure "the wish to excel." And he rated his own capacity highly; he knew that life has minor rewards for the smaller men, but he did not care about them for himself.

How Camp Won His Y

Nothing is more characteristic of Camp than the wish to excel. He entered Yale in September, 1876, and went out promptly for a place on the famous football team of which Eugene V. Baker was captain.

When Camp presented himself as a candidate, he was gaining in height and strength, but was not by any means rugged. His value to the team lay, apparently, in his speed and his hard-won ability to kick the ball. Football reputations, like those won in other pursuits, often come in unexpected ways. Camp was not pugnacious. But you will find that his first success came from a rough-and-tumble fight on the field.

In the Harvard game in 1876, a fully matured Harvard player, bearded and brawny and strong, bore down on Walter Camp under the impression that Camp had the ball. As he was not in possession of it, the tackle should not have been made. But it was made. And Camp and the Harvard man

engaged, then and there, in a private wrestling match on the field. They heaved and hauled, and at last, to everyone's astonishment, Camp threw his burly opponent and pinned his shoulders down. Camp was soon thereafter made a member of the Yale wrestling team.

Football was his first love, and all his life it remained his true love among sports. But he played on the Yale baseball team as outfielder, shortstop, and relief pitcher; he appeared on the cinder path in the dashes and hurdles, and was credited with an improvement in the steps taken between the hurdles; he rowed in his class crew, won swimming races at various distances, and represented Yale in the first intercollegiate tennis tournament. A pleasant side of his character is found in the statement of Dr. Samuel W. Lambert that his success in these games never made him aloof or proud; he was always ready to play in a scrub game of any kind, or to box or row or wrestle with men who did these things merely for exercise and recreation.

But for six years, through the college and the medical school years, Camp helped to make modern football, and football helped to make him. In his sophomore year, 1877, he first attended an intercollegiate football convention as a delegate from Yale, so beginning the long association with the legislative side of the game, which was to continue with no pause until he died, forty-eight years later, during the sessions of the Football Rules Committee in New York.

Football in 1880

Football has changed so vastly that the stories of the old games, as the players tell them, are almost incomprehensible to a boy or man who plays football now, or watches it. Measured by scores alone, it is interesting to note that Camp played in five football games against Harvard, of which Yale won four and tied one. Camp's field goal won the game in 1880, along with a touchdown scored by R. W. Watson. But you cannot measure Camp's ability as a kicker against that of Brickley, for example, because the men of those days kicked under such widely different conditions. There was no center to pass the ball, no scrimmage of the modern kind; there were no signals, as we now understand them.

Under modern rules, the kicker may take a pot shot at the goal with almost as much detachment as if he were a rifleman aiming at a target. He may come into the game when called on, and kick or miss the goal with only the smallest chance of any physical contact whatever. The men of Camp's day were expected to play through two forty-five-minute halves, and on a longer field. They were obliged to pick up the ball from the

ground, dodge or outrun their opponents, and often to kick while running at speed. Camp grew expert at this difficult feat. It is curious that the greatest disappointments of his playing career sprang from his perfect performance of it.

In the Harvard game of 1878, played in Boston, Yale stopped a Harvard advance almost on Yale's goal line. Camp and Watson carried the ball, in alternating rushes, to the center of the field. There Camp broke free for a longer run, and finally evaded the entire Harvard team except one man. As this man bore down on him, Camp still ran at speed until, thirty-five yards away from the touch line, he suddenly checked himself and delivereded a drop kick which shot the ball high over the tackler's head. While the ball was spinning through the air, the whistle blew to end the game. Under the rules then in effect, Camp's magnificent effort went for nothing. The ball flew over the goal posts less than one second too late.

This thirty-five-yard kick, executed while making a long run, was matched by Camp in the Harvard game of the following year. Just before the end of the first half, Camp undertook a long kick. The ball rose above the Harvard players who tried to intercept it, sailed straight for the goal, and slid over the posts after a flight of more than forty-five yards. But Bland Ballard of Princeton, referee in this game, had discovered a Yale player holding his opponent. He called back the ball, and Camp's mighty kick had no value. Had it been allowed, it would have won the game—which was the only game tied by Harvard while Camp was in a Yale uniform.

As a player, Camp came through these vicissitudes with his head high. And later, as chief strategist for Yale, he met other bitter disappointments in the same sportsmanlike way, accepting with good grace the referee's decision on plays that took victory away from Yale.

Sportsmanship was so much a part of Camp's character that it remains the thing by which he is chiefly known. It is for this reason that I have tried to emphasize the sternly competitive side of his character—the wish to excel. He was not among those flabby people who can accept defeat cheerfully because they have not set their hearts on victory.

A "Gentle" Game

There were no pads in the uniforms in those days, no headgear except knitted caps. In the Harvard game in 1881 at New Haven, as Thomas C. Thacher of Harvard remembers it, a cold and driving rain soon wet the lightly clad players to the skin. But after the forty-five minutes of the first half the players

lay on the field or walked around to keep as warm as they could; there were no dressing-rooms, no chance for rub-downs or dry clothes. And in all the records of these games you find the word "brutality." It was on this account that the Harvard faculty abolished football at Harvard in 1885, and only reinstated it after long discussions in the following year. Brutality took the form of stand-up fights between the players, and of jumping upon a prostrate opponent in the hope of crippling him. Without the severe and quickly applied penalties for needless roughness which Walter Camp imposed in the course of football legislation during the next two decades, football would by now have become outlawed among sportsmen.

A little of the flavor of the old-time games comes back to us through the mist of the years that lie between. Men ran hard through the two long halves; they accepted bad injuries with almost Indian stoicism, for there were no substitutes and the original players often stayed on the field long after they should have been in the hospital.

Sportsmanship breeds sportsmanship. It flourishes wherever a man consistently displays it. Walter Camp was once asked what incident in his playing career had been the happiest. He did not remember some hard-won victory on the field, or some brilliant play of his own. He said that the brightest moment of all had come in one of the years when he was captain at Yale. The other players seriously objected to his decision that a player who had broken training rules must be dropped from the team.

"They told me," he said, "that this man had learned his lesson, and must be reinstated for the good of the team. I knew that he could not be trusted, and that I had given him every opportunity to deserve confidence. I did not make a hasty decision, and I felt that it must be obeyed. We had a very hot argument, and I resigned the captaincy and left the room. I wanted to play in the coming game, but I did not believe I could give my best efforts in behalf of a team with the members of which I was in such radical disagreement. I spent a very bad night, asking myself if I was doing the right thing, or merely giving way to the spirit of revenge—in which case, I would be both hurting myself and hurting Yale. The happiest moment in my college days came soon afterward, when the men returned and told me that they knew my motives were right, that my decision should stand, and that I was to become their captain again."

Yet after graduating from this hard school of experience Walter Camp looked back upon his college days as exceptionally pleasant.

TO BE CONTINUED.

September 23, 1926

MARBLE CANYON, which begins just below the mouth of the Paria, is really a part of the one continuous gorge of the Grand Canyon. It differs from most of the other great canyons of the world—such as the gorge of the Columbia through the Cascades or that of the Indus through the Himalayas—in that the river, instead of entering a mountain, cuts right down through a plateau in such a way as to give the illusion of burrowing into the very bowels of the earth. At the head one could have stepped from a boat to the top of the limestone rim, but at the end of a few miles in quiet water we were running between sheer walls five hundred feet high. The solid black shadows where we ran under the towering cliffs provided a grateful coolness after the terrific heat of the oven-like valley in the vicinity of Lee Ferry, where we had experienced temperatures of almost one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade.

Four miles below the head of the canyon we passed the site of a suspension bridge, which when built will not only be twice the height of any other in existence but will also be the first real connecting link between the two parts of Arizona now completely separated by the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The plan, of much importance to the state, contemplates a structure five hundred feet above the river; the bridge will bring within a few hours' automobile travel of one another towns now separated by as many days.

My boat, the Grand, carried as passengers Doctor Moore, the geologist, and La Rue, the hydraulic engineer, who acted as photographer.

To R. W. Burchard, the topographic engineer who had already surveyed most of the Colorado below the foot of the Grand Canyon, was given the job of running the river line to tie it to his work below. He ran the instrument, and Colonel Birdseye recorded and acted in an advisory capacity. Running the river line, including taking the fall of the rapids and the salient topographical features up to a certain level, allowed progress of from three to five miles a day. Large side canyons or dam sites might require a day or more of work to survey.

Birdseye and Burchard rode on the Boulder, which was designated as the "survey boat." Dodge carried the rod in the canvas canoe, Mojave, at the start. Blake carried the cook and the cooking outfit in the Glen; Kolb was alone in the Marble.

All major Grand Canyon rapids are included in one of three classes—those formed by the accumulation of boulders washed out of side streams, those formed by reefs in the natural bed rock, and those formed as a consequence of the caving down of the wall of a narrow gorge. Most rapids are of the boulder-bar class and take their names from the stream responsible for them. Bed-rock rapids are rare, the most notable of this class occurring just below the head of the upper Granite Gorge. These are the least liable to change of any. The famous Sockdolager and Grapevine of today are prob-

Through the Dragon's Teeth

By LEWIS R. FREEMAN

II. INTO THE MARBLE GORGE

ably identical with the violent falls that caused Powell so much apprehension fifty years ago. Boulder-bar rapids are subject to considerable change. Heavy cloudbursts may bring down a thousand tons of rocks and alter them almost beyond recognition overnight, though the next season's flood in the main river will probably reduce the obstruction to near its former proportions by rolling the least firmly planted of the boulders on downstream.

Badger Creek Rapid

Rapids from caving cliffs are the most variable of all. Immediately following a great slide the canyon may be dammed a hundred feet high from wall to wall, but this barrier will last only long enough for the river to back up and overtop it. If the fragments are subject to disintegration they may be completely washed away in a single season; if hard and of great size, some of them are likely to remain indefinitely, forming a new and more or less permanent rapid.

There is a popular idea that in boating down a sheer-walled canyon the danger of coming unexpectedly upon and being carried over a heavy fall is very great. This is far from being the case. The very fact that almost every rapid occurs as the result of the formation of a dam effectually precludes it. Water is always backed up behind a dam, and so a stretch of quiet river is almost a sure sign that a bad rapid is not far ahead.

Warning of the approach to Badger Creek Rapid came to us both by the eye and by the ear. As we were pulling down through water almost slack enough for a lake there reached us on the wings of the light up-canyon breeze a rumble so low and heavy that it might have come from the roll of thunder or the passing of a train over a distant trestle. The roar became more thunderous as we drew near its source until the very canyon walls seemed to tremble to it. But of the fall itself nothing was to be seen even when we knew it was close at hand. The river simply dropped completely from sight and disappeared into an abyss, leaving nothing to mark its course but a floating cloud of mist that was rose gold in the sunshine and purple black in the lengthening shadow of the westerly cliff wall.

Landing on the sand-and-boulder bar spewed out into the main canyon from the black gash of Badger Creek, we clambered down a hundred yards and found the river again. The bar from Badger Creek had conspired with another from the mouth of an unnamed creek opposite to form a rocky barrier all the way across the gorge, and over this the river was pouring in a veritable cataract. The first fifty feet was the

heaviest drop, but below this the tumbling waters rolled up into great waves and went billowing on into the head of a lesser rapid a quarter of a mile downstream. So thickly were the boulders set at the brink of the fall that, search as we would from the bar, no opening sufficiently clear for a boat to pass in reasonable safety met the eye. Worse still, there seemed to be no channel in which a boat could live even after it broke through the barrier at the brink. The fall appeared quite unrunnable as revealed by this preliminary reconnaissance, and for a while it seemed as if nothing remained but to follow the lead of Powell and Robert Brewster Stanton and make a complete portage of boats and load.

It was only when we had crossed to the other side and climbed high up the side of the cliff that a narrow but fairly practicable channel was revealed. It was heavily toothed with boulders on either side, and barely-covered rocks restricted still closer the course that a boat must take to avoid striking, but there was a good fighting chance.

The thing most calculated to give us pause was the fact that the current from this channel carried directly on over a great rounded boulder fifty yards below and into an almost bottomless hole immediately under it. Test logs of driftwood thrown in at the head proved this to be the case beyond doubt. If a boat remained under control of the oars, there was a good chance of pulling away from the hole; if not, it could not fail to carry over the boulder and into the hole—with one or the other almost certain to upset it. After looking the fall over from both sides, the boatmen told the chief that they were ready to chance an upset and a rolling if he was willing to risk the boats and the outfit.

It was agreed, in making our initial run at Badger Creek Rapid, that the boats should be put in at intervals—that the second one should not start until the first was safely past, and so on through the quartette.

The First Run

All possible precautions were taken for that opening run. The instruments, cameras and radio were portaged, and also the Mojave, which was relaunched in the eddy below for possible rescue or salvage work. Kolb drifted the Marble down to the narrow passage at the left of the brink of the fall, holding it stern-first for better observation and control. The first of the rocks were skillfully avoided, but as the boat gathered way and shot into the narrow chute we saw it pause and swing sidewise as if blocked by a rock beneath its keel. Only partly righted by a couple of wildly swung strokes, it slammed into the vanguard of the breaking combers almost beam-on. It survived the shock, but

emerged wallowing like a man stunned from a heavy blow. Kolb strove vainly to bring it under control and to pull away from the deep maelstrom-like hole. It was still quartering to the current when it was tossed upward by the wave above the big mid-channel boulder, and then dropped down into the yawning hole below. For an instant it disappeared from sight beneath a high-flung shower of spray.

I had seen big logs drop out like that on the Columbia River and the Fraser, not to be tossed up again for a hundred yards. I quite expected to see the same thing happen to the Marble, for Kolb himself had said that he did not believe any craft in the outfit, once carried into that boiling hole, could come out right-side up. Yet up she came, and with her boatman working hard with his oars to bring her out of the tail of the rapid and in to the bank. She was rolling heavily and riding deep when he finally grounded her on the beach of an eddy under the left-hand cliff, almost directly across from a similar beach, on which the engineers were waiting to be picked up. Had he made the landing on the right as planned, it is very likely that running rapids for that day at least would have been suspended, if not banned completely. For in that event it would doubtless have been discovered at once that the Marble's bottom had been badly holed in striking the rock at the head, which might well have led the chief to decide not to risk putting any more of the boats through those savage jaws. As it was, Kolb left his boat on the beach and ran up along the bar to signal directions to the man who was waiting to push off with the Boulder. And thus it chanced that the fact that the after hold of the Marble was six inches deep in water was not noticed until not only the Boulder but the Grand and the Glen as well had come through, drenched but unscathed.

There is a tremendous difference between the weight of the water of such crystal-clear streams as the upper Columbia and Yellowstone and the silt- and sand-thick flood of the Colorado. This was driven home to me at Badger Creek in a way to mark my memory, to say nothing of my hide. I had threaded the narrow channel through the boulder dam without striking and had managed to hold the head of my boat to the current in the dizzy drop over the brink and down into the first line of breaking waves. The solid mass of water rushing over the buried stern caught me just recovering from a stroke—sitting almost straight up. The pile-driver blow was as staggering as an unexpected tackle in football. Half-blinded, I was keeled over backwards and slammed against the bulk-head of the forward hold. The life preserver buffered my back but not my ear, which was pulped against the hard oak of the coaming of the hatch.

My next stroke or two must have been somewhat after the fashion of the arms of a Dutch windmill and quite as much in the air.

It was not until after the Glen had made the final run that the extent of the damage to the Marble was discovered. Practically



Looking down from the rim of Marble Canyon to the mouth of Soap Creek, where several explorers have lost their lives



The author bailing his half-filled boat after running Wahlenberg Rapid

everything in the after hold not under rubber was soaked, including the contents of the map cases, which had proved not to be watertight after all. Fortunately not any of the actual survey work had been transferred to them yet. Drying out the sheets and patching the hole in the bottom of the Marble took a couple of hours. As the Grand was the newest and strongest boat of the four, the map cases were transferred to her forward hold for the rest of the voyage. They were threatened two or three times as a result of my slap-hanging boating, but never had water inside of them again.

The knowledge that boats and lives have been lost at a certain rapid has the invariable effect of making one more careful in passing it than if he had no knowledge whatever of its record. This is notably the case with Soap Creek Rapid, which has the name of being one of the worst anywhere in the Colorado River canyons. We portaged, and the portage took many hours of hard work, so that the net result of the day's effort was to advance the camp by just the length of the rapid, with no further surveying done. Here as all the way through the voyage all technical work was dropped when a bad rapid was to be run or portaged, the engineers toiling just as hard as the boatmen. Indeed there was usually a tendency, where only loads were being portaged, for the engineers to do the heavier part of the carrying and so leave the boatmen fresher for their brief but strenuous efforts in running.

Danger!

Soap Creek was the last rapid in Marble Canyon to which, previous to our voyage, a definite name had been applied. Other rapids and outstanding natural features below here were occasionally recognizable from the descriptions of previous *voyageurs*, but even these were so jumbled up in location that it is quite evident that many of the earlier records had been set down from memory. We gave the name of Sheerwall to a rapid that had given Powell much anxiety because the perpendicular cliffs prevented him from getting a chance to see whether the tumbling waves became better or worse beyond a tantalizingly interposed bend.

The descent of the river seemed for a while to increase with the depth of the canyon, and there was one day when the rapids were practically continuous, the end of one running right into the head of the next below. Seven of these falls were very violent, most of them demanding long and careful study before running.

The luck of all the boatmen held good for the next few days, during which we ran some of the roughest rapids of Marble Canyon. There was not a boat that did not break one or more oars or rowlocks. All of these gave way under strain in rapids, but, by the kindly intervention of Providence only at points where there was time to replace them before the boats carried on to rocks or under cliffs.

The rapid that had struck the final blow at the Stanton party also took the first toll from our own expedition. It occurs in a wildly beautiful gorge, with the river tumbling down over a broken rocky barrier between polished marble walls nearly half a mile in height. Crystal-clear springs, hard sand terraces and a deep cave in the limestone make the place an ideal, even an idyllic, camp. Stanton had camped there and made a portage of his boats, only to lose one of them with its two boatmen a few moments after it pushed off the following morning. That another disaster had occurred at the same place became evident when we climbed up to the cave and found there the remains

of a trapping outfit that had probably belonged to two or three men. No traces were discoverable of men or boat, but there was little doubt that both had been lost in trying to line or run the boiling fall below. The rust on traps and tools had not been accumulating more than two or three years, and there was no record that a boat had reached the foot of Bright Angel Trail in over a decade.

Farewell, Mojave!

Resolved to take no unnecessary chances with a rapid that had probably been responsible for a greater loss of life than any other in the whole course of the Colorado canyons, we prepared to take every possible precaution before attempting to run the vicious cataract. First and chief of these was transporting our useful little canvas boat, the Mojave, down to the eddy below, where it could stand by to retrieve boats and boatmen in the event of upsets. Since a man needed both hands to keep from sliding off the polished marble ledges, in clambering by to the foot of the rapid, portaging even so light a burden as the Mojave was almost impossible. For that reason an attempt was made to let it down along the sides by lines attached to the bow and stern. The tempting little morsel was more than the ravenous Dragon of the Colorado could forego. He snapped it down the instant it dropped over the brink of the fall, and held it so securely in his rocky jaws that the whole ten of us heaving on a three-quarter-inch line never brought more than a foot of the nose of the brave little shallop above the tossing foam.

We were just a bit apprehensive of trying to run that sinister boulder-fanged chute after such a display of savagery, especially with no boat at the foot to pick up the pieces. But the Mojave may have served its purpose even while writhing in its death throes. Perhaps it did not perceive, until too late to pounce, the four mud-gray shadows that went plunging over the middle of the fall and down into the driftwood-choked eddy below. It was a wild, wet run, but with no boat within measurable distance of serious trouble at any time. Shifting the cook to the Marble, the Glen took on the rodman who had previously used the Mojave, and the survey proceeded. Looking back after I had pulled the Grand clear from the overhanging cliff under which the last of the Stanton party victims had perished, I saw the sharp triangle of the crushed bow of the foundering Mojave waving a distress signal as it fluttered in black silhouette against a patch of reddish sun-shot foam.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

The Best Trick of the Week

The Color-Changing Balloon

A SMALL blue toy balloon is held up to view, and some one is invited to puncture it with a pin point. The instant this is done, the balloon changes its color, becoming red. No trace of the blue remains.

Two balloons are used, a red inside a blue. Inflate both balloons, and put a rubber band around the neck of the inner balloon. Then blow more air into the outer balloon, so that an air pocket is formed between it and the inner balloon. Hold the balloons by the neck, which is away from the audience. When the outer balloon is punctured, it will explode, and the shriveled pieces will be drawn to the neck, where the bulk of the red balloon will conceal them from view.

This is a very startling and surprising trick. Any colors may be used, but the outer balloon should be darker than the inner.



Oh Boy! If I Had Been There!

The winning of the West thrills every boy. He lives over again in glorious imagination all the dramatic incidents of the start from St. Louis, when the pioneers set out along the Oregon Trail. He dreams of crawling foot by foot up the steep mountain side, to view from the crest vast stretches of fertile land still untrodden by white men. He lies out under the stars at night, and foils the Indians bent upon a surprise attack. He fights hand to hand battles — and somehow always wins.

What great event in history stirs you most? The landing of Columbus at San Salvador? The first look of Balboa at the Pacific Ocean? The fights with the Carolina pirates? The last words of Nathan Hale before he was hanged as a spy? Custer's last stand? The midnight flight of the Pony Express? Paul Revere on the Charlestown shore peering through the night for the message of the beacon light? . . .

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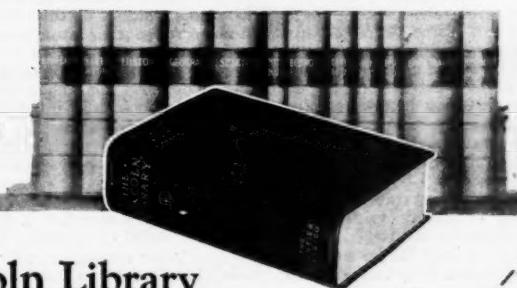
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FACT AND COMMENT

YOU are fortunate? Do not presume upon it. Good fortune passes like youth.

WE LEARN that Henry Ford has made more than fourteen million motor cars. Most of which we met on the road last Saturday afternoon.

IN HIS CHOICE of fishing instead of hunting as a vacation pastime President Coolidge follows the example of his Democratic predecessor Grover Cleveland rather than that of the Republican, Theodore Roosevelt. But there are no political divisions among the brothers of the angle. When the fish are biting no one asks his companion what his views are on the tariff or the World Court.

HARDLY HAD GERTRUDE EDERLE scrambled out of the water after beating all the records of male swimmers of the English Channel when another eighteen-year-old girl beat a dozen men competitors in mowing a field of oats in New Hampshire. And another young girl won a sculling championship in New England from the man who previously held it. Whatever else the rising feminine generation is, it is certainly athletic.

THE LAST SURVIVOR of the thirteen horse-chestnut trees which George Washington planted in commemoration of the thirteen original states of the Union, to shade the walk from his mother's home in Fredericksburg, Va., to that of his sister, Mrs. Betty Lewis, has been treated and restored by the tree-surgeons, and it is hoped that it may live for many years more. Congressman Davey of Ohio bore the expense of the work.

AMERICA'S FIRST CITIZEN

FOR a number of years before his death, at the age of ninety-two, Charles William Eliot was by general consent regarded as the first citizen of America. What lessons has a life so long, so full, so honorable and so honored as his for the young men of the United States?

His gifts of course were exceptional; no one can hope to accomplish anything comparable to what he accomplished unless he has been favored with talent and strength of will comparable in some degree to his. But ability alone is not sufficient to account for him. To that he added certain qualities that made his ability extraordinarily effective, qualities that any healthy-minded young fellow can make his own, and that, so made, will assure him mastery of his life to the extent of his natural powers.

First, the late President Eliot was always thoughtful of his health and careful to take a proper amount of bodily exercise. In youth he was an oarsman and rowed on the first Harvard crew. In later life he was wise in his habits, abstemious in the use of wine and tobacco and through most of his years totally abstinent from them. He took regular exercise, walking, riding and swimming, never to the point of extreme fatigue, and he believed that his health and endurance, remarkable to the age of four score and ten, were chiefly due to these sensible habits.

Secondly, he chose a noble profession, prepared himself thoroughly for it, and refused to be diverted from it. When he came back from two years in Europe, where he had gone to learn all that the greatest chemists in the world could teach him, he

was offered the position of treasurer of a prosperous cotton mill, at a much larger salary than he could earn as a teacher. "I must refuse it," he said. "I am to give my life to education." In the business world he could have made a great deal of money; but service was his aim. How many young men today would have made the choice he made? Yet the quality within him that led him to make that choice was influential in winning for him the name of our first citizen.

Confronted with opportunity as president of Harvard University, he displayed other qualities—resolution and courage. He had thought out his problem, and he went boldly yet tactfully ahead, to the revolutionizing of American education and the liberalizing of American thought. When one of the older members of his faculty querulously asked why certain methods of organization unchanged for two generations were to be altered, he blandly replied, "I can answer that question; there is a new president." He was never afraid of work, never afraid of responsibility. He did nothing that long consideration had not convinced him was wise and necessary; but, so convinced, he was fearless in pursuing his path.

President Eliot was not infallible even in his own particular field. But he had a vitality of mind, a disinterestedness of motive, a fertility of resource, a freshness of outlook on the world and a sturdy robustness of character that made him respected and looked-up-to by the most eminent of his contemporaries. He made no great fortune, and wielded no political power, but because of the influence he exerted over the thoughts and the opinions of his fellow-citizens he was in his old age America's first citizen.

THE ORIGIN OF BASEBALL

SOME of the villages of England are blessed with delightful names—quaint, cozy, redolent of the countryside and suggestive of antiquity. Such village is Chipping Norton—a pleasant sound, though no more grateful to the ear, and perhaps less stimulating to the imagination, than the names of those other hamlets of a related designation, Chipping Ongar and Chipping Sodbury. How much more interesting are such words, which smack of the soil and caress the auditory nerve, than the Perus and Pekins, the Jonesvilles and Clarkstowns, with which the map of the United States is studded.

But having given Chipping Norton its due, as a village with a charming name of its own, we must protest against a claim that one of its enthusiastic citizens has made for it. They play baseball—or what they call baseball—at Chipping Norton, and the captain of the local team is said to have remarked to some interested American visitors that baseball was played there before it was ever heard of in this country, and that the game was taken to America by one Abner Doubleday, who was himself a native of Chipping Norton. It would be hard to get more mistakes into an equal number of statements.

Baseball was never played anywhere before it was played in the United States. The game of rounders, from which baseball is usually held to be remotely descended, was played for hundreds of years in Chipping Norton doubtless, and all over England. But in this country, rounders passed through the intermediate stages of town-ball, three-old-cat and scrub, and eventually developed into baseball, a game as unlike its ancient ancestor as a Scotch collie is unlike a Mexican hairless dog. As for Abner Doubleday, he had a lot to do with laying out the baseball diamond and formulating the earliest rules of the game, as a monument to his memory in Cooperstown, N. Y., sets forth. But he was born in Ballston Spa, N. Y., was an officer in the regular army of the United States, and a general of some distinction in the Civil War. If he ever heard of Chipping Norton, that was his closest connection with that enterprising town.

Baseball as such goes back to 1839 or thereabouts. There were organized nines in and about New York City in the forties, which played games for the entertainment of spectators. In those days, the side that first scored twenty-one runs won the game, a man was out if the ball he hit was caught on the first bound, and he was also out if he was hit, between bases, by a ball thrown by one of the opposing side. Little by little the rules were stiffened, overhand pitching was permitted, harder, less lively balls were used, and an elaborate technique of playing and

hitting was developed. The college boys took up the game as early as 1859, when Amherst and Williams met on the diamond, and with the close of the Civil War baseball, which seems to have been played a good deal by the soldiers in camp, spread like wildfire over the country.

The Chipping Norton enthusiast is all wrong. Baseball is and always has been an American game, as American as Indian corn.

MAJORITY OR MINORITY?

THERE are few pleasanter experiences in life than being a member of a majority; to feel that the tide of public opinion or public feeling is with you rather than against you, to see the light of approval in friendly eyes and hear your suggestion greeted with a hearty "Good!" from a dozen throats is to taste the sweet, intoxicating pleasure of popularity, to which all of us are more or less susceptible.

And why shouldn't a man take pride in being a member of a majority? In free governments it is majorities that place men in office, put policies into effect and do most of the world's work. They are proper and necessary, for they represent power lawfully and efficiently applied. "A working majority" is no idle phrase.

But before you congratulate yourself on being of the majority, ask yourself whether you are helping to make the opinion of the majority, which alone gives it power, or whether the majority is making your opinion—which, in short, you are swimming with the tide merely because it is easier and pleasanter, or are going that way because it is the direction in which you really wish to head.

There are times in a man's life when he cannot afford to be of the majority; times when

"Duty whispers low, thou must!"

and the "must" means opposition instead of acquiescence. Those times come even in school days, when the occasion demands that conscience rather than convenience answer. The coward utters his perfunctory "yes" or keeps still; but courage disdains to withhold its "no," even though it be the only one to break the silence, and though jeers or laughter drown it. It is in the moral heat of such moments that character is forged and tempered.

If history teaches us anything, it is that the minority of yesterday, if it was right, is the majority of today; and, as Wendell Phillips said, in one of the noblest sentences that man ever uttered, "One on God's side is a majority."

THIS BUT WORLD

ONE DICTATOR IS OUT

GENERAL PANGALOS, who has been for a year or more military dictator of Greece, was very quietly but efficiently deprived of his authority, while he was absent from Athens on what he considered a well-earned vacation. The *coup d'état* was engineered by the same men whom he drove out of office in 1925. Admiral Konduriotis is again to act as President, and General Kondylis, who seems to have been the active head of the revolution, is to be the Premier and chief administrative force in the new government. There was no bloodshed whatever; the army simply slipped out of the hands of Pangalos into those of Kondylis, and everything went through smoothly. The new rulers of Greece are, from our point of view, better men, and more attached to liberal and democratic institutions. The fact remains that they are military men, and that Greece is still the plaything of rival military factions.

WITH THE CHEMISTS AT WILLIAMSTOWN

THIS year's session of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Mass., has been devoted chiefly to a discussion of the place of chemistry in world affairs, and much that is interesting was said. One eminent savant declared that there was no necessity of being thrifty in the use of coal, oil, or other fuel, since the researches of the chemists would infallibly supply the world with other and vastly more effective means of energy. To this general prediction, Professor Pomilio, an Italian scientific man of reputation, added the specific forecast that the

discovery of a method of releasing the energy of the atom was imminent, and that then civilization would be faced with the alternative of destruction by the new and terrific forces, or a rise to unheard of wealth and leisure through the intelligent direction of these forces. Sir James Irvine foresees the next war—if we are unlucky enough to have one—fought out with chemical weapons. Poisonous gas dropped in bombs by aviators would be the chief offensive weapon, he declared, and he believed that the effectiveness of such an attack would be so great that a war would be fought to an end in a few weeks or even a few days. Other learned men promised us synthetic food made from the nitrogen of the air acted upon by sunlight, and Doctor Barnard of the American Institute of Baking, praising the yeast plant as a source of nutrition, said that thirty men in a factory the size of a city block can produce in the form of yeast as much food value as a thousand men working on seventy-five thousand acres under ordinary agricultural conditions. What a very different world it will be if the chemists have their way with it!

FRANCE AND BELGIUM ON A DIET

IN the effort to restore the financial strength of their governments and to stabilize their falling currencies, France and Belgium are resorting to expedients of economy that recall the war-time restrictions that all countries were obliged to make. White bread—bread made wholly of white flour, that is—is forbidden in order to reduce the amount of wheat that must be imported. Premier Poincaré has also made the restaurants of Paris cut their dinners to two dishes in addition to soup and dessert, in order to "put an end to exaggerated consumption in luxury establishments, especially frequented by foreigners." This may be a partly political move to call the attention of traveling Americans to the difficult situation of the French government and people. Also all merchants selling necessities of life must post a list of prices in front of their shops, and those lists are subject to inspection and control by government officials. Every effort is being made to enforce personal economy, plainness of living and fair prices. So far the policy has been followed by a gradual but encouraging increase in the value of the franc.

A PEACE CONGRESS

THE meeting of the International Peace Congress at Bierville, France, was interesting for the general fraternization that was observed between the French and German delegates, but it accomplished little that was definite in the cause of peace. As so often happens, the national bias of the different delegations led to frequent disagreements upon the most fundamental questions. The Asiatic delegates, led by K. M. Panikkar, a Hindu, declared that the Congress was considering peace from the European point of view exclusively and demanded that, before everything else, all wars in Asia and Africa must be abandoned and all attempts of European nations to dominate or control African and Asiatic peoples must come to an end. "The Pax Britannica may suit the League of Nations," Mr. Panikkar shouted, "but it does not suit the Hindus." So difficult it is to advance the cause of peace in political ways. The mind and will of mankind must be altered before much will be accomplished.

MEXICO MORE PACIFIC

IN response to a letter sent to him by the Mexican bishops, President Calles has suggested that the courts and the Congress are the proper agencies to which the Catholics who are protesting against the recent religious edicts of the government should apply. The church dignitaries took the advice politely and declared that they would at once lay their case before the courts and begin an agitation for the repeal of those articles in the Constitution on which the edicts are based. This method of approaching the question will be much more pacific than the abandonment of religious services and the proclamation of a commercial boycott, and it may result in a general amelioration of the bad feeling that has existed between Catholics and Radicals since the government took its stand. There have been occasional instances of gun-fighting as a result of the passions which the controversy has aroused, but not so much violence as there was reason to fear.

MISCELLANY

ON WAKING

*Every morning, where I lie,
My window frames a dream;
Across a square expanse of sky
Marvelous cloud-shapes gleam;
And if I move to the left or right
Only an inch or two,
A poplar tree swings into sight
Etched on the white and blue.
Dawning sky and a poplar tree,
This and nothing more—
But there is created a world for me
I never have seen before!
Once let the house begin to wake,
And all that one may see
Are plates to wash, and beds to make,
And a needle to thread, maybe.
The first child up will obscure the sky,
And lure one back to earth;
So, quick! While the priceless minutes fly
Let me seize their wonder and worth.
Here are my ships with silver sails
On a blue and limless sea;
And every morning my fancy hails
One coming home to me!
Rosy the dawn, or rainy the dawn,
Treasure is always there,
Where my eastern sash is open drawn,
To the heaven in a window-square.
Here is a path for the spirit's flight;
Here is my cloudband free—
Castles built on a dazzling height
Back of a poplar tree.
And as I dream and wake and smile,
God comes very near
And shows me a vision of things worth while,
A vision crystal clear;
I hear as a master musician hears;
I see as a poet sees;
I catch bright strains of other spheres,
And enchanting melodies.
Yes, God Himself points out the way
The lovely visions tend—
A plate to shine and put away,
And a little frock to mend!*

—RUBY WEYBURN TOBIAS

A BETTER COUNTRY

VERY interesting is the comment upon the lives of those heroic men and women whose faith, variously manifest, makes up the honor roll of the eleventh chapter of the Epistle of the Hebrews, "They seek a better country." The adjective "heavenly" which follows in the next clause does not mean that they were thinking mainly of heaven; they were seeking conditions in a country on earth which they believed were like the personal and ethical conditions of heaven. That is to say, they were seeking a better social and political order.

A really good political government has been the dream and almost the despair of right-minded men since organized society began. Whether men ever yet have found it is a question which need not here be discussed. Certain it is that men are less confident than they once were that they know just how it is to be secured. But of Noah, Abraham, David, Samuel and all the rest of the ancient heroes, it is said, "They seek a better country."

There were two ways in which they sought it. Some, like Abraham and Moses, went out from the country where they were, Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees and Moses from Egypt, and they sought to establish in new lands a purer government and worthier worship. Others, who were not emigrants, sought to make better the country where they were. History has shown both kinds of pioneers. The future must produce fewer of the men who go out and more in proportion of those who stay where they are and seek to make their own country better. The Mayflower and the covered wagon both belong to the past, but the spirit that in them moved westward with the sun still must find expression among people to whom new lands are no longer possible.

The hope of a better country and a better world is one that has inspired both men and women to deeds of valor, and the faith that this could be was a direct product of religious faith. God is the greatest of all adventurers; the first and most fearless of all pioneers. The urge and initiative toward better things, the faith, spite of all human failures, that men and nations can live worthily and happily on this planet, are part of that cosmic impulse which prophetic

souls define as inspiration from God. This, if anything, will give us a better country and a better world. It is the hope that maketh not ashamed.

A QUARTER-MILE WATERFALL

IN the forests of East Africa, not far from the lower end of Lake Tanganyika, are the wonderful Kalambo Falls, where the Kalambo River plunges over a sheer precipice more than twelve hundred feet high and a little later drops four hundred feet more over another rock terrace. These falls are not certainly the highest in the world. There are falls in our own Yosemite Valley that are higher. But no such body of water passes over them as the Kalambo River carries. In respect of both height and volume the Kalambo Falls are unique.



Photograph from *The Sphere*

Strangely enough these falls have only recently been visited and photographed. They are only forty or fifty miles from the town of Bismarckburg on Lake Tanganyika, and on the old frontier between Rhodesia and German East Africa. But though their existence has been reported by the natives, and one or two white men are known to have seen them in years past, the country in which they lie is so difficult that most travelers have never ventured to penetrate it.

THE COLLEGE JOKE OF THE WEEK

SCOTCH gent: "My lad, are you to be my caddie?"

Caddie: "Yes, sir."

"And how are you at finding lost balls?"

"Very good, sir."

"Well, look around and find one, and we'll start the game."

—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

Editor's Note: There are so many motion pictures; how can any family tell which are really worth seeing? The following list, revised every week, contains the pictures which The Youth's Companion recommends to you, as clean and interesting. We cannot express any opinion about other pictures which are shown on the same programme.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE RIBBON LIST

Lovely Mary—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
An orphan child, Mary, befriends another waif and finds happiness and a home thereby. Bebe Love.

Born to the West—Paramount

Zane Grey's story of the Nevada gold rush and the coming of the law. Jack Holt and Raymond Hatton.

The Last Frontier—Producers' Distributing Corp.

Adventures of the homesteaders of the '60's Indian raids and stampeding buffaloes. William Haines and Marguerite de la Motte.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! First National

The uproariously funny story of a cross-continental walking match. Harry Langdon.

Show-Off—Paramount

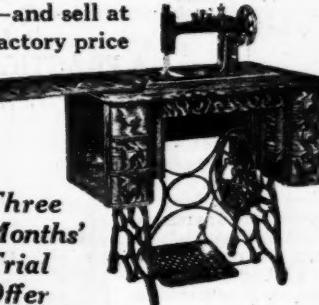
Laughable comedy of a family which acquires an incurably boastful son-in-law. Ford Sterling and Lois Wilson.

More Pay, Less Work. William Fox

Two young people show their parents that cooperation is better business than competition. Mary Brian and Charles Rogers.

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ASKING FOR BULLETIN V-266

**Proceedings
of Y. C. Experimental Lab**

At Wollaston, Mass.

July 7.

Painted the windmill gray; red and green shutters on the windows. Worked on the new scooter modeled after a hydroplane. It is to be 40 inches long.

July 8.

Busy on the speed launch, also 40 inches long. Made four polo mallet heads. Working in the Lab now isn't much like what it was when we were building Cinderella. Then it was around zero—and now it is nearer 100.

July 10.

Everybody doing something different—and something which he elected to do himself. Member Call experimenting on small airplanes. His favorite place for shunting them off into the heavens is from the top of the Lab. Member Sawyer, after turning the mallet heads and painting the big windmill, is thinking of a small hydroplane. Member O'Connell is doing the super-scooter, and Member MacDonald is at work on a speed launch.

July 12.

Everybody working on his own pet project. Boats are slow—but fascinating.

July 13.

Tested the 40-inch hydroglider in a small pond near the Lab. It works very well with its rubber-band power plant, although the absence of a rudder made its progress erratic. It is also much too heavy. We plan to build a much lighter one with spindier lines.

July 14.

The speed launch is progressing slowly. This we plan to equip with an electric motor. The launch is a cypress, built like an honest-to-goodness boat—windows and everything.

July 15.

Building a cabin in the launch. It looks like a real boat. Member Sawyer made a beautiful airplane propeller for the hydroglider from sections of different-colored woods.

July 16.

Building up the hull of the hydroglider—bread and butter fashion. It is much lighter than the first one.

August 2.

The Lab has been closed on account of vacations. We all needed one. Now we are back at work once more. Made the step for the hydroglider. Planning the motor arrangement for the launch.

August 3.

Built cabin for the launch. Made it of mahogany veneer. Rigged up a mast and yard.

August 4.

Assembled the motor and propeller on the launch. Found our propeller which we cut from sheet brass (leftover from Cinderella) was too large; so cut out another. The power seemed a little weak; so we added another dry cell. This speeds it up.

August 5.

Started cutting out and shaping hull of the hydroglider. This is all sugar-pine, a new wood to us, and it is wonderful to work with; not a knot or a troublesome grain in it. Just the right thing for boat hulls. Took the launch out to a pond to see what we should see. It functions. Member MacDonald, who made it, and the Governor, nearly fell into the water, so excited were they over seeing the little boat scoot along by itself.

Membership Coupon

To join the Y. C. Lab, as an Associate Member, use the coupon below, which will bring you full particulars concerning the Society. If elected, you will have the right to ask any question concerning mechanics, engineering, wood and metal working, radio, and so forth. You will also become eligible to compete for the Weekly, Quarterly and Annual Awards made by the Society, and you will receive its button and ribbon. There are no fees or dues.

**The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.**

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank, on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name.....

Address.....



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys

The 43rd Weekly \$5 Award

A PRACTICAL WATER PUMP

MEMBER WILLIAM R. MARSTON (16) of Dana, Ill., constructed an efficient water pump at cost of three dollars. Most ingenious use was made of discarded material. The complete description of Member Marston's project is published, as many of our membership are interested in the water-supply problem. This pump was made from parts obtained from an old auto tire pump, some Ford parts, pipe fittings, angle iron cut from a steel fence post, a length of rubber hose and a drive pulley from an electric washing machine.

"The frame was made by placing two pieces of angle iron 27" long, about 5" apart. Four crosspieces of iron were placed at proper intervals; two to clamp the cylinder and two for the crosshead.

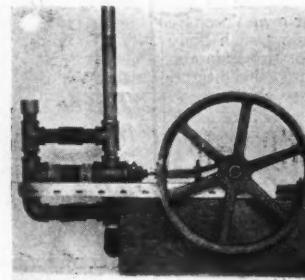
"The cylinder was made by placing a length of brass tubing (which was obtained from the auto pump) inside a 1 1/2" x 4" pipe nipple. This was almost an exact fit. A little of the cylinder was left at each end to batter over the pipe and solder. On one end of this was screwed a reducing tee, 1" x 1" x 1 1/2". On the other end a cross, 1" x 1" x 1 1/2" was used. This was then clamped to the frame, with the 1" runs vertical, and the 1 1/2" opening left in the cross between the center of the frame, the tee being even with the end of the frame.

"The pump head consists of two reducers screwed into the cross, the first 1 1/2" to 1" and the second 1" to 1 1/2". Into the last reducer is screwed a packing box.

"The piston and piston rod were taken from the auto pump. Another leather was added, turned opposite from the one already on it. This was done to make the pump double acting. The piston rod was cut the right length and passed through the hole in the crosshead. A loop was then made in it to accommodate the connecting rod pin.

"The crosshead was made from a solid piece of iron approximately 2 1/2" x 1 1/2" x 1 1/2", with a hole drilled through it so that it rests flat on guides when in position. The hole was slightly smaller than the piston rod, so that when forced on it cannot slip. Enough of the piston rod was left so that the loop could be made as explained before.

"The runs for the crosshead were made from bar iron 4 1/2" x 1 1/2" x 1 1/2". The bushings which were used to hold the pieces of each run apart were taken from a Ford magneto.



Our Members and Associate Members are wearing their buttons and ribbons in this way. To join the Y. C. Lab, use the coupon below

(They are used in fastening the magnets.)

"The crank shaft and connecting rod were taken from an old milk-shake machine. The crank has about a 2 1/2" stroke.

"Bearings were made by clamping Ford wrist-pin bushings to oak blocks. A piece was taken out of each of the bushings so that the wear could be taken up.

"The drive pulley was taken from an electric washing-machine. It is about 19" in diameter.

"Making the valves was about the most difficult part; of course I could have bought check valves, but this would have made an extra expense; so I made them.

"Bushings obtained from a Ford transmission were placed inside of 1" close-pipe nipples and soldered. A little of the bushing was left extending at one end to face for a valve seat. Guides were made by soldering two strips of brass (one at the bottom and one at the top) with holes bored in them for the valve stems across the bushings. These are only 1" wide, so that they do not hinder the flow of water. The valves were cast from Babbitt. They are 1" in diameter and 1 1/2" thick. The valve stems, which are heavy pieces of copper wire, were placed in the center of the mould and the Babbitt poured around them, the stems being long enough to extend below the last guide about an inch so that a spring could be put on. The valves were then faced with rubber.

"The valves were then screwed into the 1" openings of the large tee and cross. Then on each of the top valves was screwed a 1" tee, with the side openings facing each other. Into each of the side openings was screwed a 3" x 1" nipple; a piece of rubber hose was put across the gap left and clamped. One of the openings is the outlet, and the other is for priming.

"The lower part of the pump is made the same way, only an elbow was put in place of one of the tees so that one opening was left for the inlet.

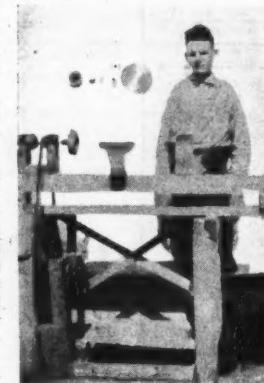
"This pump has been in actual use for over a month and has proved to be very satisfactory. The flow, taking into consideration the time it takes to fill a 150-gallon supply tank, I have estimated at 200 gallons per hour. The motor used is 1/2 horsepower. The pump, without the motor, cost approximately three dollars. This was for pipe fittings, belting and bolts."

Lathe Construction

ONE of the most useful tools of a well-equipped workshop is the lathe. Unfortunately, this machine tool is very expensive to buy. A boy who really wants one can build one, as a number of our members have done.

For some little time the Y. C. Lab has seriously considered plans for homemade lathes. When the Director and Governors are convinced that the plans for this lathe are the best that can be developed they will be published for the benefit of our membership.

Those who have constructed this machine tool can give other members the benefit of their experience. Describe your lathe and mention any changes you would make if you were building another. Describe the operations that you can perform with it and any ingenious features connected with its design or operation.



Member Gilbert Hines (16) of Fairbury, Illinois, made this lathe. It can be operated by an engine or by foot power, and is capable of turning wood and iron. Polishing, turning and threading operations can be performed on it. Member Hines made three different-size chucks for holding the work. One of these is made in a way similar to the ordinary four-jawed type. The other two are made from a 1/2-inch nut and a piece of pipe threaded on the inside. The bearings for the lathe are Babbitt.

Member Hines receives a Special Award and promotion to Member for the ideas given to the Y. C. Lab on his chucks. The success of Member Hines should be an encouragement to other members who feel the need of this most useful machine tool and are in doubt regarding their ability to construct it out of materials at hand. Write to the Director regarding your problems.

September 23, 1926

Two Special Awards

IN granting awards the Director and Governors pay most careful attention to the age of the Associate Member or Member who submits the project. It is to be expected, of course, that the older the constructor the more finished will be his workmanship. Two Special Awards are made this week. These are made to boys nine and fifteen years old. In each case the project is a model airplane. A comparison of their workmanship will show the careful consideration of age taken by the Award Committee.

Member David Thompson, Jr. (9), of Wheaton, Ill., built his airplane model from a 2" x 2" cigar box, and old film spools from a kodak. The struts were constructed from match-sticks.



David Thompson

MEMBER JOEL B. STEVENS (15) of Watertown, Mass., being 6 years older than Member David Thompson, it was to be expected that his model should show the benefit of his longer years of experience. His description is excellent. Others may wish to build this model. Here are Member Stevens's directions:

"The model airplane which I made is not intended to fly. I merely tried to make a reproduction of an airplane. The fuselage is made of two white pine boards 1" x 2" x 13". Each board forms a vertical half of the fuselage. Temporarily clamping the boards together, start about four inches from one end and round off the edges, tapering slightly. Next turn the boards over and round off the remaining edges. Taper so that the boards become an ellipse 1" wide by 1" high. Next take the boards apart and hollow them out on their inner sides as much as is practicable. Glue or nail the boards together and saw a vertical slot in the small end 1/8" wide and 1" deep. At 4 1/2" from the front, bore a 1" hole for the cockpit.

"For the wings and rudder I used slats from orange boxes. The upper wing is 17 1/2" x 2 1/2", and the lower one is 15" x 2 1/2". The lower wing is nailed to the fuselage 1 1/2" from the front. The long struts are 3" long, and they are round at the ends to fit into holes in the wings. The amount of taper on the fuselage will determine



the lengths of the four little struts, which are held in the same way. The rear wing is 6" x 2 1/2". The rudder is cut to fit over the fuselage and into the slot which was previously cut. It is 3" long by 2 1/2" high. The propeller is 4" x 1 1/2". The wing skids and tail skids are finish nails bent to shape and glued in holes provided for them. The carriage for the wheels is made of stiff wire and fastened in the same way."

Questions and Answers

Q.—I would like to know whether an amateur could make a very small crystal receiver. If so, I would like very much to have a description of one. Associate Member Charles E. Keiser, Union City, Tenn.

A.—by Councilor Clapp: There are a number of ways in which a very small crystal receiver may be constructed. The writer once had such a receiver mounted within the case of an old Ingersoll watch. This receiver consisted of a fixed condenser, formed of alternate layers of paper and tinfoil about two inches by three inches in size (the condenser was rolled tightly when finished); a tuning coil, which was fixed, and was composed of about 200 turns of very fine silk-covered wire wound on the tube of the fixed condenser as a form; a crystal detector, in which the crystal was mounted on the back of the watch with the adjustment made through the stem; and binding posts mounted on the back of the watch for the antenna, ground and telephone receiver connections. The range of such a receiver depends upon the antenna and ground connections and upon the tuning which may be accomplished in the receiver. In the case mentioned above, there is no adjustment of the tuning, other than that obtained by changing the number of turns on the coil. Once that number is obtained which gives the best results, the number is left fixed.

Small crystal sets in which tuning is accomplished on the variometer idea, by sliding one pan-cake coil over another, for example, may be made which are very satisfactory as far as adjustment is concerned.

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Game Extinction—Its Causes and Remedies

By EDWIN A. OSBORNE

Field Naturalist, Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund of America

LIKE the early overcast of an approaching thunder storm, the shadow of game extermination is hovering over us. Astounding as it may seem, the progress of the extinction of wild life has gained such tremendous headway that Dr. William T. Hornaday, campaigning trustee of the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund of America, is not speaking amiss when he predicts that this country will be as barren of killable game as the Gobi deserts of Manchuria within twenty-five years, unless a universal awakening to our duty occurs in the immediate future.

It is an unfortunate nation-wide trait of a large percentage of the American people to pollute, destroy and make destitute of wild life the woods and waters that adorn the face of nature, tearfully repent and then with enormous labor and expense try to "bring back" a portion of their wickedly squandered heritage. I might well say that, stripped to the naked truth, our "game protection" and so-called "game conservation" constitute the most ghastly exhibit of combined folly to be found in the history of the nation.

At the present time there is no longer any moose-hunting anywhere in the United States save in Wyoming for this year. There is no longer any antelope-hunting anywhere in the country. Hunting the white mountain goat is now extinct. The Arizona elk has been exterminated along with the California grizzly bear. Caribou-hunting has ceased in every state. Only in the northwestern part of Wyoming is there any hunting of mountain sheep. Elk-hunting exists at the present time in three states instead of thirty-two, as formerly, and in nine states squirrel-hunting is extinct.

Here we have just a few examples of the serious situation confronting wild life in the United States at the present time. But our evidence of the deplorable conditions which we shall inevitably face unless drastic measures are taken to protect game is not confined to the above-mentioned species. I submit here a few further facts concerning American game birds:

In nine states the hunting of prairie chickens is extinct.

In four states woodcock are considered to be totally extinct; and this condition undoubtedly exists in several other states, although it has not been admitted by those who hunt.

The Eastern prairie chicken is within eight birds of total extinction, despite the combined efforts of nature lovers to avert this extermination.

All hunting of wood duck has been prohibited to save if possible that species from the fate of so many other game birds.

Indications point to the end of hunting the butter-ball duck within the course of the next two years.

In twelve states indications pointing to the extinction of quail has made it necessary to have closed seasons for long periods.

In twenty-four states the gradual extinction of the wild turkey has made it necessary to stop hunting that bird.

Hunting ruffed grouse is extinct in six states; in seven states the disappearance of sage grouse has stopped all hunting of that variety; in five states all grouse-hunting is extinct.

In twelve states a serious decrease in the number of quail has stopped all quail-shooting, while the scarcity of ducks in twenty-four states has made it necessary to reduce the bag limits below what the Federal regulation calls for.

To each one of the above-mentioned

species of game birds is attached a long story that would take an article in itself to explain. And, strange to narrate, these conditions are well known to the sportsmen. But the sportsmen have failed to grasp the importance of taking speedy action to eliminate the possibilities of still further depletion.

"But what is the reason for the shocking decrease in American game?" asks the interested observer.

First and foremost is the lack of interest on the part of the general public in the all-important need for protecting wild life for the years to come.

According to authentic statistics there are some 6,000,000 hunters in the United States who venture forth each year and take their quota of game. The same figures further show that the population of the United States is about 110,000,000, thus leaving some 104,000,000 people who do not hunt and probably have no interest in hunting. The sportsmen naturally are most anxious to protect the interests of their sport, and the work of watching out for the interests of the game birds and animals which they kill is left to a small number of persons possessing a love for natural beauty and a desire for an abundance of game for the years to come.

Judging from present conditions, Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, noted naturalist, is well within bounds when he warns the American people that we are approaching "the end of the age of mammals."

One of the main reasons for the gradual extinction of so many species of game birds and animals is the super-generous bag limits existing in most states throughout the country. Where is the man who needs to take twenty-five ducks, eight geese or brant, twenty-five snipe, fifteen yellowlegs or plover, six woodcock, or twenty-five rails, coots and gallinules in the course of a single day? And yet under the Federal game regulations a hunter can take these totals in the majority of the states each day and be termed a "fair sportsman."

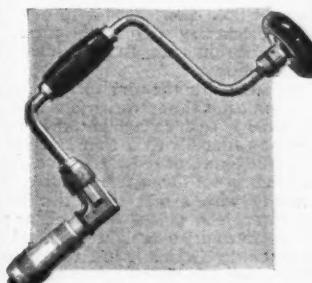
I can understand the romance of duck-shooting on a shore front on a glorious day and can appreciate the expectancy and thrill of a covey of quail exploding in the air, with a short chance for a shot. But there are some things that I cannot understand. I wonder how any man can term himself a "conservative" sportsman after a day in pursuit of the diminutive sora rail. The sora rail is a tiny marsh bird about the bulk of a bobolink, which, incidentally, is only a trifle larger than an English sparrow. Its weight on the hoof is from three to four ounces when it is full fed and fat, but ordinarily it must tip the scales at about two ounces—the weight of two extra-long letters. Its getaway is poor, its flight is weak, and any gunner who cannot fill it full of shot is entitled to a "booby" prize. And yet our game laws permit us to destroy birds of this type and class them as "game"!

There is adequate room for a reduction in the bag limits on the shore birds and ducks of fifty per cent. We should afford our vanishing woodcock full protection for five years at least. Shut down the season on quail wherever indications point to serious depletion. Have the sora rail and other diminutive shore birds removed from the classification as game.

We must awaken the American hunter to the seriousness of the situation. We must impress upon him the fact that the wild life of today is not ours, but is loaned to us in trust, and that we must give a satisfactory accounting to those who come after us and audit our records.

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Youth's Companion

September 23, 1926

Dear Hazel Grey: Haven't you heard people exclaim over some antique which belonged to their great grandmother or even came over in the Mayflower? Perhaps you have gone to some museum where you admired Italian chests and the soft colors on Italian paintings with raised haloes. I hope that you have gazed in wonder at decorated Egyptian mummy cases which were painted centuries before the Christian Era!

Did you know that this ancient process has been discovered and is now being used in modern "antiques"? The name is Gesso, which is a glue and clay preparation, colorless until treated with oil and gilt, then rubbed with powdered stone to give a true antique effect. It is so simple that anyone can make a jewelry box that will look a hundred years old. Try it!

Get an empty cigar box,—or you might use a tin candy box,—a small can of Gesso clay, a tube of oil paint, two paint brushes and a bottle of gilt paint. With a small flat bristle brush cover all but the base of the box with the clay. With the tip of the stiff bristles tap the surface of the clay to roughen or "stipple" it, then allow it to dry overnight. The next day pry open the cover with the edge of a thin knife, giving a quick blow to crack the clay.

Next, sandpaper the rough stipple points of clay and paint the entire surface with gilt paint. Allow it to dry overnight, then brush the entire surface with a thin layer of oil paint—blue, green or red is effective. Allow this to remain for about five minutes, then rub lightly with a soft cloth till the gilt shows through in places, as much as you desire. Allow to dry overnight, then sprinkle antique powder (which is just rotten stone powdered fine) and rub off lightly to give the dull antique effect that you are seeking. You can now paint the inside with gilt and rub powdered stone over it when dry. Treat the base of the box in the same way as the sides. Presto! Change! Your box is a hundred years old!

When you are all through wash your clay

A delicately tinted jewel box in Italian design would make an exquisite gift



This old-fashioned picture card of a vase of softly colored flowers makes a charming and decorative thing when framed with an antique Gesso-finished plaque

brush in water before it hardens, rinse the oil brush in turpentine or kerosene, and wash the gilt brush in gasoline.

Now that you have tried simple objects perhaps you will want to make more elaborate ones by the same easy steps. If you can't get supplies near home, the E. H. & A. C. Friedrichs Company, 9 Central Park West, New York City, have a catalogue of wooden boxes, candlesticks, plaques, and so forth. You can buy boxes for thirty-five, forty, sixty cents and upward. Plaques of heavy cardboard can be obtained from the F. G. Coover Company, Lincoln, Neb., for ten or fifteen cents, and they also have a catalogue.

When you have your box (No. 101, size 5½" x 3½", height 2½", with hinge and feet, at 75 cents, is good) put on the first coat of clay smoothly. Do not stipple, as it is easier to trace a design on a smooth surface the next day. In tracing a pattern on the cover use carbon paper. You can make a good selection from a ten-cent envelope of sealing wax designs. (The Dennison Manufacturing Company, Framingham, Mass., carries a good assortment). Build up the design by dripping the clay from a small camel's hair brush until it is raised above the surface. Let it dry overnight, then apply the gilt paint (which you can purchase for ten

cents a bottle with brush in a five-and-ten-cent store). When the gilt has dried overnight, apply oil paint, rubbing it off lightly as before. Dust on the powdered stone; this is ten cents a package at Friedrich's. Small jewels could also be put into the soft clay design before it hardens. The same company carries them, and they are thirty cents a dozen. The clay they call by the trade name of Dur-Esso (meaning hard (Gesso), and this comes at sixty cents for a ¼-pint can—enough to cover several boxes. A tube of oil costs about twenty-five cents.

In mounting artistic postcards on cardboard plaques (those at F. G. Coover's, Lincoln, Neb., are cut in various shapes) first sandpaper the pebbled surface of the mount just where the picture is to be pasted. Moisten the back of the postal before pasting and press it in place. Cover the space round the picture with clay, letting it dry before painting with gilt, then with oil, just as for the boxes. A raised design round the edge adds to the antique effect, especially of foreign postals.

Gesso will stick to any surface—glass or metal, as well as wood and cardboard. This makes it a particularly useful method of decoration—one with endless possibilities. And one of the very nicest things about an art like this is the fact that you don't have to be an artistic genius or a skilled craftsman to get successful results; but then you can't get them unless you are painstaking and patient. The real satisfaction of seeing your completed handiwork before you is a delightful sensation, which will more than repay you for the effort you make to attain it. Try your ingenuity and see what antiques you can produce. The girls at camp were all wildly enthusiastic about it!

Most sincerely,

ETTA M. GRAVES
Crafts Councillor,
Camp Cotuit, Barnstable, Massachusetts

You Will Find Many Uses for Marbled Paper

Lakeland, Florida

Dear Hazel Grey: I think some of your friends may be interested in making "marbled" paper as I have made it, for it decorates many things well and is fun to make. It lines envelopes and can be used to cover gift boxes, or for making lampshades.

First, buy a can each of black, white, blue, red, green and yellow enamel paints for ten cents apiece at any five and ten-cent store. These main colors may be combined to form others.

Now fill a flat basin—the size of the paper to be marked—with cold water. Stir each can with a separate stick. Then pour several drops of each color desired on top of the water. Stir lightly so that the colors will run together and spread out over the water.

The next step is to lay the paper on top of the water for a few seconds. Then remove it, and you will find that the enamel has been transferred to the paper. Spread the paper out to dry after this.

If you find that the drops of enamel sink in the water, thin the enamel with a little turpentine. When you are all through clean your basin with kerosene.

You can vary your designs by using three or more colors at one time—but be sure that the colors harmonize!

Yours truly,
MARJORIE WEBB

An Editorial Matter for Your Attention

If some of you are making money in a way that you think will be of interest to other girls or boys and can write it up in a clear, well-presented account, sending a snapshot of yourself, and perhaps some others as illustrations, we shall be glad to consider your article for publication at regular editorial rates. Are you making money by gardening—running a tea shop—sewing—drawing? Write and tell us about it.

Hazel Grey

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

WHEN Suzanne and her mother started out to get Suzanne's things for school, Mrs. Chadwick gave her \$50 in addition to \$20 to cover her brief case and any other accessories or "extras." Suzanne said it was pretty hard to stick to, but it helped her just loads in making up her mind about what she would get, and she had to make every penny literally almost worth its weight in gold! The main difficulty was that she had to have a coat—a winter-travel-sport kind of one. There didn't seem to be a thing for less than thirty or thirty-five dollars. And she had to have some dresses—and a hat. You can imagine what a time she had finding just the right things to fit her pocket-book. But I think you'll be surprised at the results. Here is her final expense account for new things:

Fur-collared plaid top coat	\$25.00
Two tailored wool jersey dresses	21.50
Leather brief case	7.25
Soft felt hat	5.00
Woolen scarf	3.95
Dressy silk scarf	2.00
Pair of kidskin gloves	2.00
Pair of quilted satin bed slippers	1.75
Cretonne laundry bag	1.00
Total	\$69.45

The day that Suzanne started back to Sherman Hall she looked awfully well, for her coat was a symphony of blue plaid that looked stunning over the soft Copenhagen blue of her plain jersey with its boyish linen collar and blue button trimming.

Plaid materials are awfully good this fall, and the chances are that this type of coat will be

Planning School or College Clothes

worn long enough to look in very up-to-date style for more than one season. Tailored jerseys are extremely popular again after having allowed flannels and tweeds to hold first places for some time, and Suzanne made no mistake in choosing both her school dresses made of it. It is true that Paris puts the red shades at the head of its color list just now, but Suzanne wisely resisted temptation to wear the color of the moment when she picked out green and a soft blue, because they are ever so much better suited to her individual coloring. Chanel red was not coppery enough for her, but would be excellent for a more brnette type.

Now perhaps your problems and needs are quite different from Suzanne's. If they are, can I help you? I'll be glad to answer questions, only please remember that stamped addressed envelope for the Big Chief Office Manager says I must not answer letters that forget to inclose it—and I couldn't bear that.

HAZEL GREY

Dress from
Fifield's



Heyde Studio

Just before train-time

YOU ARE ALL INVITED!

I NEVER wished harder that my fairy godmother would appear and grant me just one wish—that every single one of you who are reading this could be in Boston on the afternoons of October 7 and 8 and all day on Saturday, October 9, when The Youth's Companion will hold the exhibition of the best dresses that were entered in its first Fashion Fête. If by any good luck you are near enough to come, don't fail to do so. It will be unique and most useful exhibition of lovely clothes made by girls themselves—the result of the splendid entries made by fifteen hundred and sixty-seven of you who read this page and took part in this greatest contest ever held for girls by The Youth's Companion.

Come to The Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Perkins Hall, 264 Boylston Street, Boston, and you will see there the eighteen prize-winning dresses, the beautiful New Home Sewing Machines, together with the dresses which won them, and many more dresses that the Judges chose in each class of the Junior and Senior divisions for Honorable Mention and a place in the exhibit. With each dress will also be shown the photograph, description blank and construction sketch sent in by each girl whose dress is exhibited.

HAZEL GREY

Off to school



Illustrated by Benjamin

N Cooperstown, down at the very end of Drury Lane, was a penny shop, "Prudy Pickles' Penny Shop," said the little green sign over the door. There was a gate with a broken hinge, and a sorry creak. Nobody thought of the little cottage as being a Penny Shop. In fact, nobody thought much about it at all. That was the trouble.

Every morning at crack o' dawn in Drury Lane a wondrous odor drifted out. 'Twas that good warm smell of molasses and spicy things baking. Prudy Pickles was at her gingerbread!

Now there wasn't anything that Prudy Pickles didn't know about gingerbread. What things she made! Such animals—humpy camels, trunky elephants and comical long-tailed monkeys! Such gingerbread people—fat ones, thin ones, ladies with gingerbread parasols, and gingerbread gentlemen with stovepipe hats; dwarfs and giants! Buttons of red cinnamon candies, like as not.

And yet—strange as it may seem to you—something was wrong with the Penny Shop; so few pennies found their way into the pink tea cup in the corner cupboard. From behind her curtains Prudy Pickles watched the passers-by. Little ones went skipping by. They took their pennies to the finer store on the Turnpike. Grown-up folk as they hurried past gave the little window scarcely a glance.

Now there was in Cooperstown one little soul that was faithful to the Penny Shop. Or rather it was one little body with a great big soul. This was Robin Twitchit. Robin Twitchit had a crutch tucked under one arm and a red muffler wound round and round his neck.

He wouldn't have skipped past the Penny Shop even if he could have. He wouldn't have taken his pennies to that store on the Turnpike. No, sir-ee! And he loved Prudy Pickles. To be sure, 'twas only once in a great while that Robin's red mitten held a penny for gingerbread. But that didn't matter. Prudy liked nothing better than to have Robin on her high-legged stool chattering as she bustled about.

Now Robin was only eight years old; so at first he didn't wonder about Prudy Pickles' solemn face. You see, because he knew and loved Prudy Pickles' Penny Shop, it seemed as though everybody in Cooperstown must know and love it too.

ONE day he was sitting on the high stool eating a gingerbread goose. Crunch-crunch—um-m-m! There never was such a goose. Robin had his teeth all ready for another bite when he noticed Prudy Pickles' face. What he saw there made him cry, "Prudy Pickles! Prudy Pickles! The little laughs are all gone from your eyes. Whatever's the matter!"

"Heigho, dearie, don't you bother about me," Prudy said.

Robin finished his gingerbread goose very slowly. As he hobbled over the criss-cross streets toward home a little question "I wonder why?" kept hammering in his thoughts.

Then, almost right away, Robin began to notice things. He noticed the grown-ups

PRUDY PICKLES' PENNY SHOP

By Dahris Butterworth Martin

hurrying past the Penny Shop on their grown-up affairs. He wondered why. He noticed the children taking their pennies to the Turnpike. More than ever, he wondered why. And, after nearly wearing his thinking cap out with puzzling, quite suddenly he knew. Nobody seemed to know about her Penny Shop. Of course, they did, Robin reasoned; there was the little green sign and all; but then—if folks had never tasted Prudy Pickles' gingerbread, so puffy and soft and good, why, then they just didn't know about the Penny Shop, that was all!

Now, more than ever, he had need of his thinking cap. How could he help Prudy Pickles' Penny Shop? That little green sign mustn't come down.

ONE evening he was eating his supper, when—puff! There it was—HIS IDEA!

This idea kept growing and growing in his mind, so that by the time his bowl was scraped clean Robin's brown eyes were dancing.

He built up the fire. Then he wound his muffler round his neck, pulled his cap snugly over his ears and went out straight to Andy Gosling's toy shop. Then he was in the bright, cluttered little shop, pouring out his story. It all came tumbling out in the greatest hodge-podge, and Robin's cheeks glowed as red as his muffler—Prudy Pickles—gingerbread people—children running by—

"Wait! Wait!" Andy Gosling protested, covering his ears. "I declare, Robin Twitchit, I can make neither head nor tail of it!"

Robin stopped short and laughed a little shyly.

"There now! Unwind your wrappings, Robin lad, and start from the beginning."

The "very beginning" for Robin was the time he discovered that the smiles had left Prudy Pickles' eyes. He told about Prudy Pickles' gingerbreads. He told a good deal about the gingerbreads: the humpy camels, the trunky elephants, and all—about their puffy sugary goodness, and how they melted in your mouth and made you want more and more! (And do you know, it made Andy Gosling hanker for one of Prudy's gingerbreads! It did indeed!) But then with a sigh Robin pictured for Andy the little Penny Shop set away back, and the gate with the creak in its joints, and the little green sign that would have to come down if more pennies didn't find their way into the pink tea cup.

Then, with eyes a-sparkle, he explained to Andy Gosling this idea of his. And Andy Gosling listened, his old face knotted with listening, and twirled his thumbs round and round thoughtfully.

Robin finished and waited for a moment, breathless, watching Andy's quiet face. O dear, maybe Andy wouldn't think it was much of an idea, after all! But—all of a sudden—Andy Gosling's face began, somehow, to unknot, and slowly, slowly, a smile spread over it and set his kind old eyes twinkling. Robin's face lit up with relief. "Well, now, well, now, Robin Twitchit, lad," Andy chuckled, whipping out his great blue handkerchief and wiping his spectacles. "Not such a poor idea. Not so bad, Robin my lad. No, sir-ee."



With that Andy bobbed up and became very busy with his saw. He hummed as he worked, and every now and then his humming was broken by a chuckle. Robin watched Andy Gosling and hummed, too, like a happy little teakettle.

In no time Andy held up a square of wood and said, "Now fetch me my paint pots, Robin." In a twinkling Robin and Andy had their heads together over the most fascinating work of all. Andy was dipping his brushes into red and blue and buttercup yellow and purple and green, and as he dabbed away Andy and Robin giggled like two small boys.

"Ahum," announced Andy Gosling at last, holding off the wooden sign and eyeing it with head cocked. "Finished! Behold, Robin Twitchit!"

"Oooo," squealed Robin, excitedly waving his muffler above his head, "It's fine, just fine, Andy. Guess that'll fetch 'em."

NOW what Robin's idea and Andy's work had made was this: a sign to hang on the Penny Shop gate where the children could see it without half trying. And on his wooden sign Andy had painted the funniest pair, a comical little man and woman. They were dressed in the bright greens and blues and buttercup yellow out of Andy's paint pots. And there they were—holding hands and grinning from ear to ear in the friendliest way. Underneath them were these words,

printed in nice plain letters so that even the weeniest school child could read, "If its we you'd like to see, peek in Prudy's window, please."

Andy and Robin were tickled with their work. That was plain. That was all there was that night; so the two friends said good night. Old Andy, chuckling to himself, went back to work on his toys while little Robin tapped home-ward in the moonlight.

Now that sign for the shop gate wasn't all of Robin Twitchit's idea. There was more. Prudy Pickles herself had to be brought into the secret, for Robin needed her help. When Robin poured out his wonderful secret idea to Prudy he watched her old face a bit anxiously.

"Landy sakes!" she said. And then she laughed and ran her fingers through his hair, and all the old little smiles came shining back into her eyes.

"Indeedy, I'll help, Robin child," Prudy Pickles told him.

The funny little sign was hung on Prudy Pickles' front gate. It hung there only a few minutes when its work began. Robin and Prudy Pickles peeped from behind the curtains.

Some children were coming down Drury Lane. One little girl was ahead of the other children. Robin held his breath. The little girl had walked straight by the sign! She went along down the lane swinging her school bag. Robin had a curious sinking feeling as he watched the other boys and girls approach.

Smack in front of the sign—they stopped.

The children were shouting with laughter. They called to the



Robin was eating a gingerbread goose

CHILDREN'S PAGE

little girl ahead and she came running back.

"If it's we you'd like to see peek in Prudy's window, please," read a tall girl.

"Oh, let's look. Let's look," they cried. They poured through the gate up to the window.

There among the penny whistles, pencils, balls, lollipops, was a pair of ridiculous gingerbread people: a little man and a little woman, hand in hand. There was a sign under this couple, too, and it said, just, "Watch Us Grow."

The children wondered about that. "Watch Us Grow." Whatever did that mean? So they swarmed into the Penny Shop and asked questions and bought gingerbreads. They crunched the crisp ones and sank their teeth into the soft puffy ones. They laughed over the long-tailed monkeys and smacked their lips and asked more questions and had such a good time that Prudy Pickles shook with laughter.

Robin and Prudy Pickles told the children how their own pennies would make the little gingerbread man and woman grow. If they kept bringing their pennies to the shop, the little pair would keep growing and growing. They might get ever so large if many pennies came. But if there weren't enough pennies, then the little people would always be as small as they were now and never get any bigger.

The children laughed with the fun of this idea of making the gingerbread man and woman grow. "Anyhow," said a fat little boy, "if I bought all the gingerbreads I want to buy, Mister and Missus Gingerbread would fill the whole window!"

"Oh," squealed one pretty little girl, "d'you s'pose they'd ever, ever get that large, Prudy Pickles?"

Prudy Pickles smiled, wisely, "Well, dearie, if they do—I'll manage."

And, do you know, those gingerbread folks are still growing. Some day should you go to Cooperstown, be sure to walk way down Drury Lane to Prudy Pickles' Penny Shop. The funny sign on the gate won't let you miss it. There'll be children peering into the windows. Like as not, you'll find Robin on his high-legged stool, and, like as not, he'll smile and hand you a gingerbread. And, when you come out again, don't forget to peek in the window to see how tall those gingerbread folk have grown—will you?





Are Champions Lucky?

IT MAY be at the end of a furious rally, when a sweeping cut just barely clears the net, and scores the point that clinches the game . . . or in the midst of a fast exchange, when the champion rushes across court, and just manages to retrieve an apparently sure placement shot. Then, in the stands, you sometimes hear the envious remark—"Isn't she lucky?" It's a comment all champions receive. How true do you think it is?

"Isn't she lucky" . . . ? Let's see! Could it have been luck that gave her that agile footing? Did luck bring her that remarkable back-hand stroke? Was it luck that developed the vigor, the strength, the energy to triumphantly survive the grueling strain of a championship match? Well, . . . it all depends on what you call luck.

If perfect physical condition is a matter of luck . . . if the energy and endurance to stand a whirlwind pace, and have enough in reserve to rush through to victory, is a result of luck . . . then champions are lucky. But most people don't call it luck. They call it *training!* Champions themselves do, too.

Training is most important

Perfect physical condition . . . and training! The two go together naturally. And reasonably enough, you'll admit, championships go with them. Like the champions, you, too, can attain one by doing the other.

Training isn't really as forbidding and dif-

ficult as it may sound. It's merely a matter of getting sufficient sleep, enough fresh air and exercise. And, perhaps most important . . . a matter of eating the proper foods; the foods which give your body those vital elements needed for strength, energy, and the endurance every champion needs. If you would excel in your line of sport, remember this advice — eat the foods which contribute the most to your body's physical development.

Consider Grape-Nuts. Grape-Nuts supplies to your body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, productive of heat and energy. Grape-Nuts supplies iron for the blood; phosphorus for bones and teeth; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite.

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